

Youth

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THE

# INDIAN





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... in its youth ...  
... of juvenile lies in its youth ...

FT. THOMPSON







Carole Thompson and Sandy Swift Eagle greet visitors to the Crow Creek Sioux reservation in South Dakota.

**BY BILL WINGELL** / Lunch was Lokes and hamburgers at the Big Bend Cafe. During our stay in Fort Thompson, photographer Ed Eckstein and I had lunch (and breakfast and dinner) every day at the Big Bend Cafe. We wouldn't have minded a little variety, really, but it was the only restaurant in town—the next town with a diner 25 miles away.

Today, however, we did have some charming company to eat with: Sandy Swift Eagle, Blossom Eare and Carole Thompson—young Indian American girls who live on the Crow Creek Sioux reservation which we were visiting in the lower part of South Dakota. Ed and I had met the girls at the Tribal Council's office across the highway, where they were employed on the anti-poverty Neighborhood Youth Corps program.

Not missing an opportunity to ask what must have sounded to the girls like some rather simple questions, I prodded them about life on the reservation.

Blossom, a 16-year-old who attends an Episcopal school for Indian girls, was blunt: "We just live here 'cause we have to." Eighteen-year-old Sandy, a student at a Catholic school, snapped: "I hate it; I just maintain my cool." Carole, 16, who also attends an Episcopal school, was a bit less negative: "It's okay, if you know how to handle it."

Thus, we had established that these young ladies weren't really satisfied with life on the Crow Creek Sioux reservation. Admittedly, I'd expected as much. Several days of wandering about Fort Thompson and



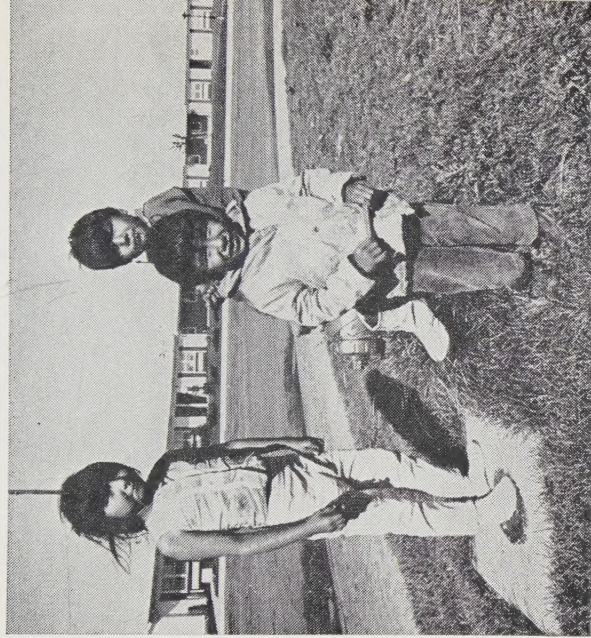
asking a lot of people the same elementary questions had driven home the point that just about no one seemed completely satisfied with life at Crow Creek. However, that didn't surprise me. I, too, had heard about the plight of the modern Indian.

What didn't these girls like about the place? "I just don't," opined Blossom, who plans to join the WACs. "There's nothing to do here." Sandy, who wants to leave the reservation after she marries a young Indian now serving in Vietnam, related: "We asked for a recreation hall and for them to clean up the beach and get baseball teams and they didn't get anything. Then they gripe about us drinking."

For entertainment, the young people at Crow Creek go to movies at Chamberlin, a town miles outside the reservation, or they attend dances at the drab old Tribal Hall in Fort Thompson, where one of two Indian rock-and-roll groups—either the Sonics or the Venturers—is usually playing. Unfortunately, that's about the extent of the recreational opportunities at Crow Creek. Except for the drinking.

Of course, it's illegal for anyone under the age of 18 to drink beer (21 for liquor). But where there's a will—or, more specifically, the frustrations of modern Indian life—there's someone tying one on. Drinking, in the view of many persons on the reservation, is a major problem. Several tribal officials complained bitterly to me about the Eisenhower Administration's relaxation of rules forbidding the use of alcohol on reservations.

Ed and I attended one Monday morning court session



New row-style housing units replace inadequate dwellings scattered about the plains around Fort Thompson, S. D.



...were portrayed as persons appearing were teenagers charged with being drunk and disorderly. Not to be outdone by the kids, however, was a member of the Tribal Council, who was appearing on the same charge and who, not surprisingly, pleaded not guilty and was so found. Fifty persons were reported locked up over that weekend—in a town with a population of only 900.

In fact, while we were eating lunch with our three companions, brothers of both Carole and Blossom walked into the cafe wearing jail clothes. They were out on a prison work detail and had been allowed to stop in to buy some gum and candy before being returned to what officials euphemistically call the "honor farm." It was like a family reunion. The girls laughed and kidded the boys about their indisposition, but no one seemed embarrassed by the situation. It was an accepted fact of life at Crow Creek. Both boys, incidentally, were serving 15-day sentences after having been convicted on the usual charge. "That's a lot," complained Carole, "for just standing around."

The reservations have their own legal systems and we'd seen a kind of "frontier justice" handed out when sentences of 20 days in jail and \$30 in fines (probationary over three months) were handed out for driving without a license. A young anti-poverty legal aide told us he had been trying for some time to get the Tribal Council to reform its impossible legal system, but to no avail. "It's all politics," he said despairingly.

I was curious to know how much the "outside world" penetrated Crow Creek. You have to understand that





this reservation—all 273,584 acres of it—lies in the midst of nothing but endless miles of treeless, grassy plains. The isolation, to an Easterner, seems complete. So, I asked the girls what kind of music they preferred. The responses shattered my presumptuousness. “Sonny and Cher,” chimed Blossom. “The Rolling Stones,” said Sandy. Carole capped it with “Aretha Franklin,” adding, however, that she still felt “Country and Western is *soul*.” So much for my cultural isolation theory.

Next question: what do you think of the war in Vietnam? To this Blossom responded with some heat: “If Johnson had his own son over there, we wouldn’t have a war.” Added Carole: “When they have wars, they always pick on Indians and colored” to fight them.

The girls lamented strongly the death of Dr. Martin Luther King. Carole also appeared open to the idea of applying the black power concept to the Indian situation. “Dark Brown power,” she said impishly. And to a mention of the Poor People’s Campaign, taking place then in Washington, D. C., all the girls reacted enthusiastically. “It’s getting them somewhere,” affirmed Sandy. “They’re not just worried about themselves—like white people,” added Carole. “They’re worried about everyone.”

Any conversation these days with young people gets into the “generation gap” thing. Ours did, and it was on this subject that the girls were most spirited. Crow Creek parents, it seems, like parents everywhere, are a drag. “When we go to dances, they just sit outside in their cars and wait for us,” moaned Carole. “They think





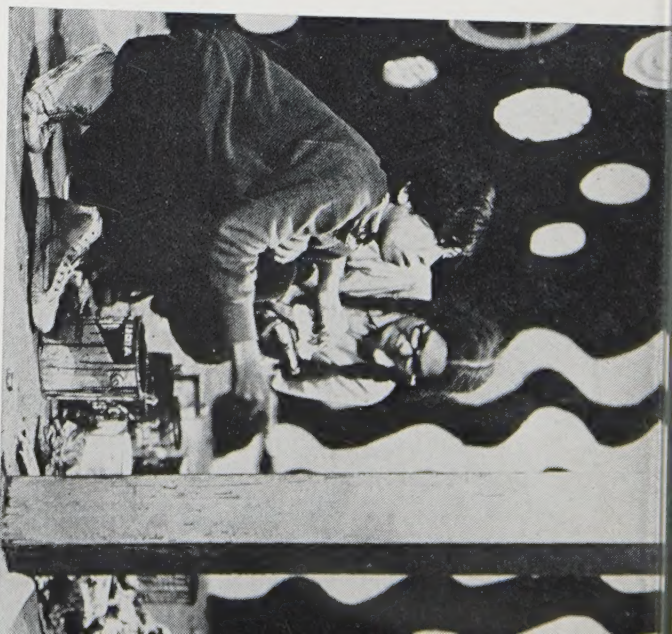
they believe in," added Sandy. "Time changes things. They think we have to be like they used to be."

"Like, their mouths go open when they see a girl in a mini-skirt," injected Carole, whose own modly-fashioned skirt ended above the knee. "I don't think there's anything wrong with that," she added pertly.

Would they wear mini-skirts on the reservation, I wondered aloud. "Oh, no," gasped Sandy. "We wouldn't have to leave the reservation then. They'd throw us out."

"There's no future here for us," observed Blossom, the potential WAC recruit. I remarked that the tribal officials seemed to be trying to do something about that. For example, they were attempting to bring industry onto the reservation, in the form of a new meat-packing plant. The girls laughed. "So, what do you expect us to do, pack meat?" asked Carole incredulously. Her own plans, she said, were to spend next summer with friends in Boston and then, after high school graduation, study to be a medical technician.

The parents of all three of our lunch guests are receiving welfare assistance. This isn't unusual, however. In fact, fully 60 per cent of the Crow Creek residents are getting some form of relief—either federal or state. The reason for this, of course, is the reservation's almost total lack of employment opportunity. Right now, the anti-poverty program, with a work force of about 50 persons, is the largest single employer at Crow Creek. However, unemployment isn't the reservation's only



VISTA worker, Roni English, joins a Crow Creek youth in painting teen center in Fort Thompson.



problem. Education, housing, recreation, health services, job training—they're all areas of concern, and, as in most "pockets of poverty," they're all tied together in one almost overwhelming problem.

Take housing. In recent years, the Crow Creek tribe has been building both public and low-cost private dwellings. Some 150 persons have come in from the reservation lands to live in these units, which are located in Fort Thompson. The new housing is a good idea—many of the reservation people still live under quite primitive conditions—but the tribe built the project in the best ticky-tacky fashion. With over a quarter-million acres of land to use, the houses were constructed right next to one another in suburban row-style. It was an economy move, of course.

As 28-year-old project dweller, Jimmy Hislaw, put it: "It's all right as far as the heat's concerned—we used to have to burn wood and now we have gas heat. But the houses are just too close together. We're used to a lot of space."

On the other hand, some form of central housing is necessary if the reservation is to attract any kind of business or industry—as it is now trying to do in connection with the previously-mentioned meat packing plant and several other job-producing possibilities. "It's really tough bringing industry in here," observed Floyd Taylor, director of the Office of Economic Opportunity's joint Community Action Program at Crow Creek and an adjoining reservation and a Sioux himself (from the Standing Rock reservation in North Dakota).

"The first thing industrialists want to know is how many men you have," he noted. "And they want the labor force right here in Fort Thompson," not spread out over a quarter-million acres—most of which are impassable in the winter. "So, we're saying to the Indian, if you want to survive, you have to move into town. But when we do that, we're breaking down his way of life." Taylor shook his head; it was a contradiction that seemed insoluble.

One major concern of Taylor's is the Crow Creek youth. "That's where it all lies," he opined. "The success or failure of the Indian, or any race, lies in its youth—how well trained and experienced they are." He didn't seem to think his young people were faring well in those terms.

In the first place, schooling for Indians is very much lacking. The high school drop-out rate at Crow Creek, as closely as I could determine, was about 20 per cent. Taylor pointed out that only one percent of Indian students goes on to college, and the drop-out rate for them is correspondingly high. Taylor also decried the lack of recreational opportunity for reservation youth.

In talking with people at Crow Creek, the conversation invariably moved around to the subject of the federal Bureau of Indian Affairs, which has had the responsibility for administering reservations since their inception. What bothered people most, it seemed, was the bureau's stifling paternalism—like a father to a small child. Virtually nothing could be done by the Indian leaders without the agency's approval. The re-





Mary Jane Stepp, her parents, and two brothers live in a one-room log cabin on Fort Thompson's main road.

Indians seemed prepared to face up to the bureau. "You don't bite the hand that feeds you," one Indian said.

Late one evening, I talked with Paul Harrison Jr., the Tribal Council secretary, about reservation development. He noted bitterly that all development was controlled by the BIA. The tribe received more than three million dollars for land along the Missouri River when the Army Corps of Engineers built a power dam (and consequently wiped out the original Fort Thompson), but, according to Harrison, the reservation leaders cannot apply that money to developing the area without the bureau's consent.

As a result, the secretary said, several recreational and job-and revenue-producing projects which the tribe has tried to push have been tied up in bureau red tape for some time. "It's been years," Harrison asserted, "and here I am, and I'm not developed yet." He added caustically: "I hate to say too much, though, because we've got that great white father up in the BIA." With that, he turned away, got into his car and drove off. Frustration generated by the Indian's predicament is seen, too, in the relations between generations.

One afternoon Ed and I visited a former Tribal Council chairman, Herbert (Joe) Wounded Knee, age 56. Joe sat at his kitchen table while across from him, on a couch, reclined his 25-year-old son, Pat.

"The trend of young people seems to be to congregate rather than recreate," intoned Joe. "They have beer parties and stuff, and you can't get them inter-



ested in nothing. I got kids here, and I don't know where they run off to at night. I tell them to get home at 10, they come back at 11.

"I'd be happy for them if they'd go away and find a job. It's not my life they'd be working for, it's theirs. I been working since I was big enough to. Pat's 25 years old now, and he ain't got nothing other than the clothes he's wearing. When I was his age I had horses and wagons and all kinds of stuff like that."

Pat, understandably, was squirming on the couch by now. "It kind of gets me 'cause I can't get a job," he murmured. He told how he had joined the Army but had been discharged because he could not adjust to military routine.

"I've got to get away from here," the young man added. "There just isn't anything here." He spoke of the government's relocation program for Indian youth, a project through which they can leave the reservation and get training in a job skill at an urban area. Pat said he thought he would "try that in the fall," noting, however, that because of the lack of job possibilities, he still would not be able to come back.

Agonizing as the Crow Creek scene must seem, however, it should not be assumed that the situation is entirely hopeless. The tribe, despite all obstacles and its own political intrigues, is doing what it can to lift itself out of economic and social morass. In spite of everything, the spirit of the people there persists.

Floyd Taylor likes to stress that even if all the federally-supported anti-poverty projects dry up—as did a

summer youth program this year—"at least the tribe is pushing now for advancement. They're asking questions now and involving themselves. So much momentum has been built up that I don't think we can ever go back to where we were five years ago. This was our hope; that this creative force would start and nothing would stop it. Now, the people have seen some changes, and they want more."

Crow Creek, like any poverty area, has its Volunteers in Service to America. At this reservation, the VISTAs include two girls, Roni English, from Kansas, and Ruth Siefert, from Pennsylvania, who are working to set up a recreational center in the basement of the Tribal Hall.

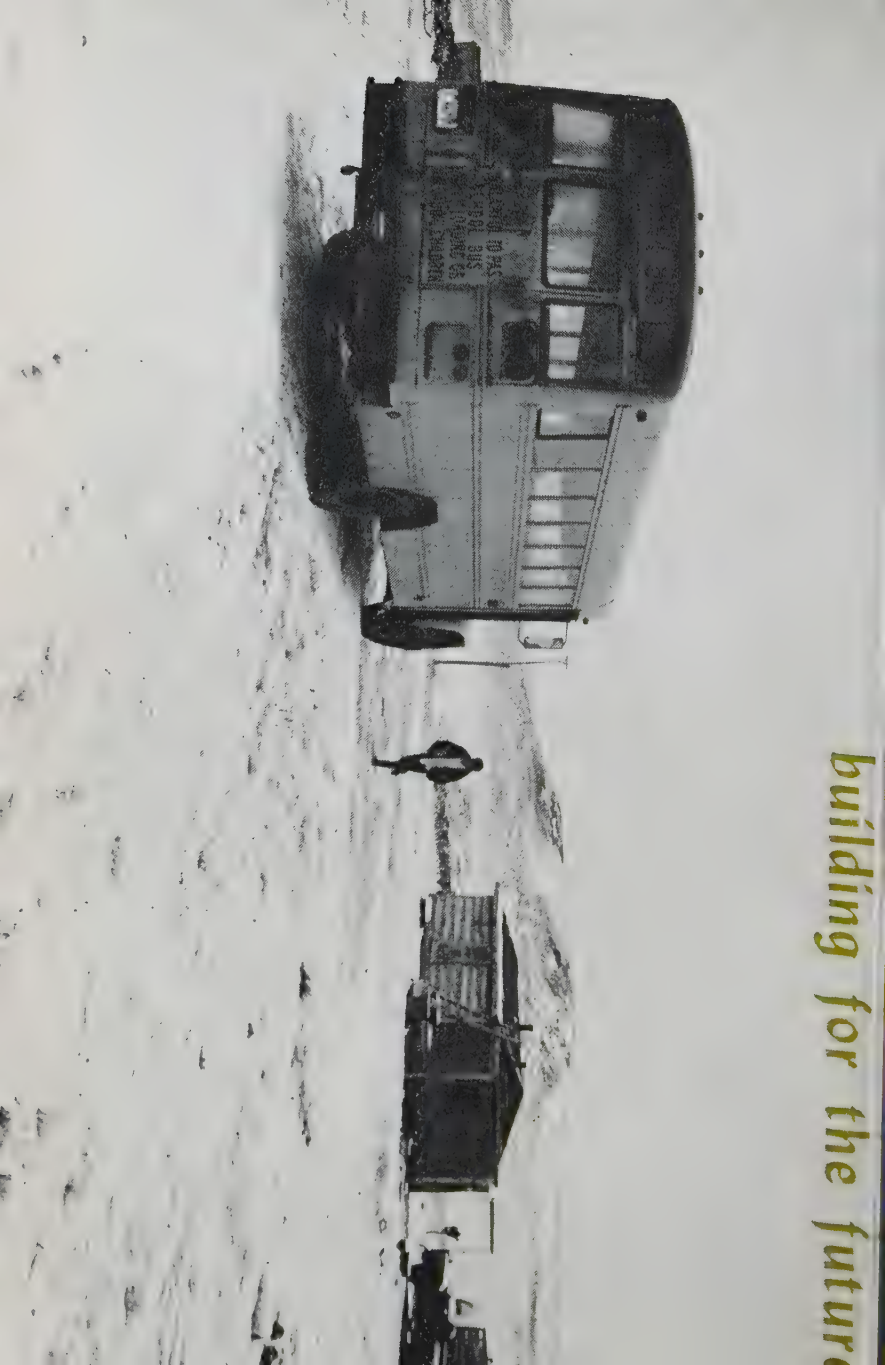
The girls seemed to have established a good working relationship with a number of the Indian youth, who often stopped by to visit them at their rather makeshift trailer-home along the highway in Fort Thompson. On one occasion, two young men who were trying to set up their own rock-and-roll group dropped in. They planned to call themselves The First Americans.

During our conversation, I showed them a button I'd been given by a militant young Sioux from another reservation. The slogan was "Indian Power." Immediately, one of the boys wanted the pin. He put it on and made me promise I'd send him two dozen more, saying he planned to give them to his friends.

Those buttons, when they arrive at Fort Thompson, probably won't help ease the generation gap a bit, but as Floyd Taylor puts it, the people have seen some change, and they want more.



*building for the future*





The school bus arrives early. It's a long ride along country roads to the community high school. Being an Indian teenager on the Fort Berthold Reservation in western North Dakota is very much like being an Indian teenager on many reservations—pride in one's Indian heritage tested by the white man's discrimination and indifference, disillusionment of the generally poor living conditions on the reservations, lack of fu-

ture job opportunities, and straining of family and tribal ties. But, as in many other Indian communities, the leadership is trying. They know good housing is healthy. Jobs mean self-respect. Freedom to make decisions sparks human dignity. The chance to help others builds meaningful relationships. But change of-ten brings on as many problems as it seeks to solve.



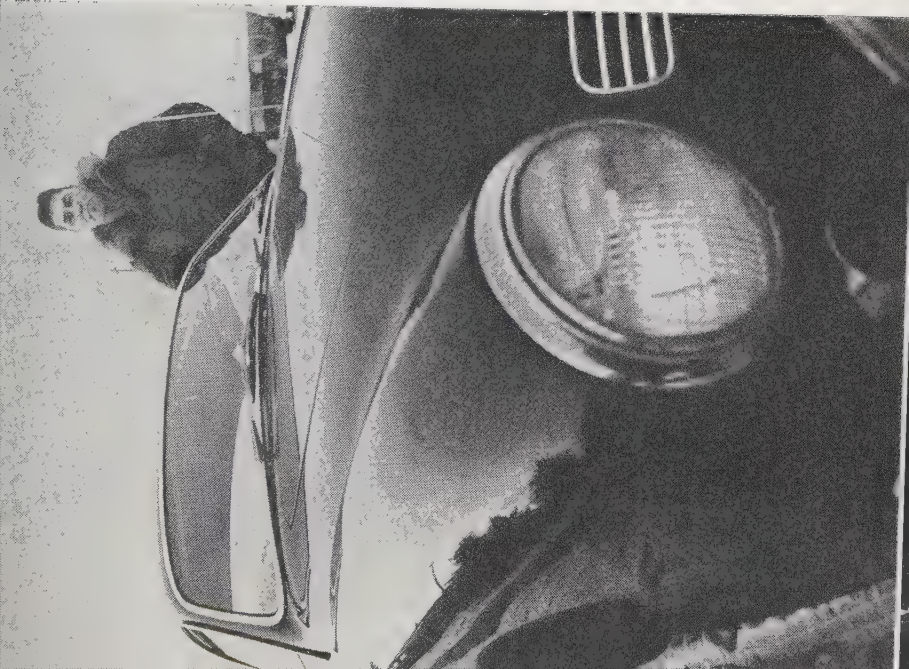
**RANCHERS /** Ranching is one way in which some Indians are making a living off the land at Fort Berthold. Leonard Driver and Bobby Bell are part of a ranching cooperative organized by a group of Indian men. Working together, they obtained a loan to build corrals, a barn, and bunkhouse.



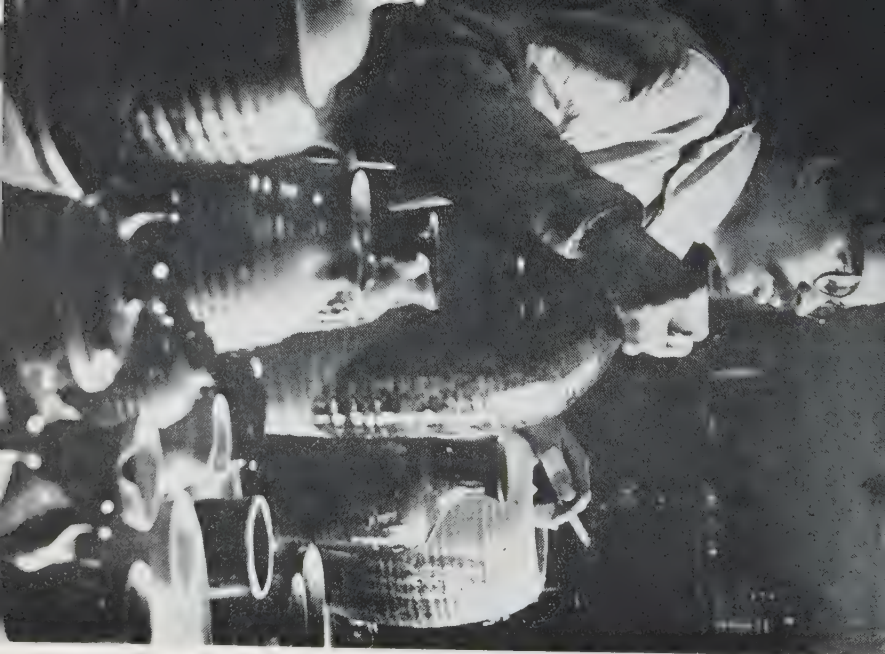




**COMMUNITY ACTION** / Mel Walker is head of the Community Action Program financed by O.E.O. funds, which administers programs of family counseling and guidance, remedial education, five Head Start centers, and a Neighborhood Youth Corps program. In general there is "under-employment" in this whole area of N. D. Sometimes unemployment on the reservation is as high as 80%—in times of peak employment, this figure may drop to 64%. Mr. Walker commented: "One of the big problems in this area is finding an industry which will employ men. A lot of the small industries are for women." CAP is one of the agencies working to bring new business into the area.







**POTTER /** Jim Walker started his pottery program by inviting Indian women to come in on a voluntary basis and try throwing clay. For one week we had no sales ability, participated in a small training program. Those who finished the training now work eight hours a day producing Three Tribes Stoneware. They are now on the payroll of weaving markets for the finished pottery. A board of directors oversees the retail business. By the Indian and non-Indian community, excellent work has been accomplished and by the first day of pottery business, Jim Walker sees that the women, businesses and handcraft nature could be set up to provide employment for future generations.



**LAY MINISTER /** Bob Fox is lay minister of the White Shield Congregational Church, one of several churches on or near Fort Berthold. He describes his job at his church as a "part-time job which is full-time." His full-time job is working on the staff of the local housing authority which administers the low-cost housing program on and off the reservation. He explained, "The existing houses are all real old and need replacing. And, they're overcrowded, with sometimes a couple of families living together. We now have a program of construction of 28 self-help houses and we have built 60 low-rent houses." A Home Improvement Program provides funds to repair and improve existing housing.





**KAREN CROWSHOE**, secretarial student in Adult Education Training in Chicago, a Sioux.

I meet some people who can't believe I'm Indian because they still have pictures of us running around in feathers and beads and skins. They see Indians on TV and expect us to be like that. I'm really surprised. There was this one girl at work who thought they put us in camps, you know, something like they did in Germany, or like they did with the Japanese Americans here during the war. I guess that's her translation of "reservation." Indian young people are not as wild as white people think they are. They're human just like anybody else. I mean, after all, we like all the things other teens do. And I listen to pop tunes, too.

**RAYMOND CROSS**, pre-law student at University of Colorado, a Mandan-Hidatsa of North Dakota.

One of the principles of democracy is minority rights. And the rights of the Indian minority cannot be ignored. What the Indian needs is the articulate leadership such as the Negroes possess. And this knowledgeable leadership is even more necessary for us, because we don't have the numbers the Negro does. There are about 600,000 Indians and 25 million Negroes in the U.S. The Negro has impact by sheer size and numbers. He can move into neighborhoods and make his presence felt. But to many people the Indian is a kind of a vague person, a vague heritage, a person who exists only in western comic books and things like that. But

between  
what are Indian youth saying?

two cultures



**"Indians lack  
opportunity, not  
self-motivation"**

Duane Birdbear



Bonnie Dixon



Raymond Cross



He exists now and he has urgent problems that must be met—housing and better homes, better education for the children, and medical care.

If they want to, I think the Indians should be given the opportunity to maintain their traditions. Other white communities have their own traditions, such as the Jewish communities. They are Americans, but still have their own ceremonial duties. Why can't the Indians maintain their unique heritage, but still be integrated? Eventual integration is the inevitable answer, because as people become more and more educated in America, they become more and more American, whether they're Indian, Negro, or whatever. They'll be American as well as Indian.

In a way, I think that in the back of their minds, white people believe in white supremacy. Because the Indian kid generally doesn't get as good grades as the white kid, he's more likely to flunk out of high school, and he's more likely to turn to alcohol for solving his problems. Therefore, white people see so many instances of this that they naturally think that the Indian is a failure, inferior, and different, and that he is unique maybe because he has a darker skin and because he lives as he does. I wouldn't see the criticism of the Indian as being altogether unfair. But white people should realize that by helping the Indians they could integrate them more and give them better opportunities.

How can white people help? First of all, I think you go down and walk through an Indian neighbor-

hood to see how one lives in that part of the country. They must realize some responsibility, if not as Americans, certainly as Christians. Throughout humanity, it's been the humane idea to try to help advance people. The Indian doesn't lack self-motivation, but he lacks opportunity.

**DAVID MONTANA, student of ballet in Philadelphia, a Papago from Sells, Ariz.**

I live on a reservation of three million acres. It may sound like the less than 10,000 people living there are going to be wealthy with all this land, but I guess the reason they gave them so much land is because it was so dried out—a desert land—a waste land. They need a lot of land to get anything off of it. Over half live by welfare assistance. It's hard. A lot of the younger people tend to leave because there's really nothing there. A lot come back, though, because they don't know how to live or get along with the non-Indians. Living in New York City is totally different from living on a desert reservation.

I'm studying dance. By using the Indian traditions as background and using dance techniques of today and the past, it is possible to come up with a totally fresh concept. It would be especially exciting to have a group of trained dancers with Indian background react through dance—like any other cultural group—to what he's been through, what he's going through, and what he's trying to achieve. It'll come about—not only in dance, but in drama, music, painting, & sculpture.



**"I didn't realize how they were  
brainwashing me until college"**

**ADA WHITE, freshman at Franconia College, Franconia, N.H., a Crow from Montana.**

Indian schools so often lack stimulating teachers. They just about brainwashed me. Everything I said was controlled by what they had told me. Like, a classic example:

A teacher says, "You Indians are lazy. You're no good. You're living off the taxpayers' money, and you're content."

One time I exploded and said to my instructor, "The taxes you pay don't even make a dent in Uncle Sam's pocket."

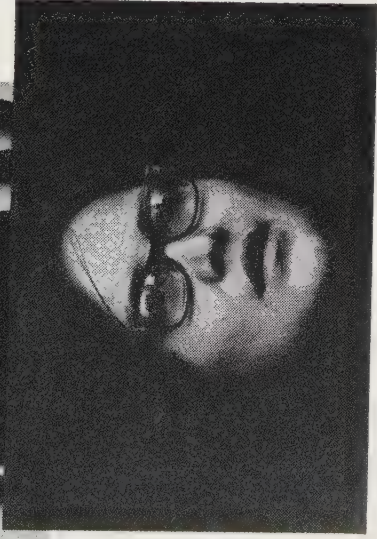
She told me to get out of there and I left.

That's an example of a type of attitude we faced as children. Like we always had to be grateful for every little thing we got. And after a while you're tired of being humble, you know. And you rebel by not doing your work, either school work or the detail type of work we have to do for the school dorms.

Often you don't realize at the time why you're not doing your work. I really didn't realize how they were



David Montana



Ada White



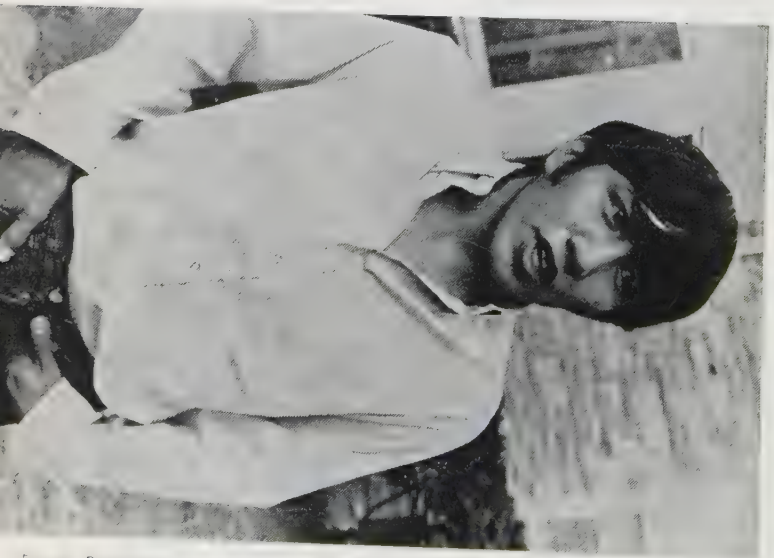
brainwashing me until after I had gotten out of high school and into a college where the great questioning process is going on now.

I am an Indian first, not an American first, because we have been controlled by the white people for so long that it has really caused a lot of frustration, a lot of studies, everything. And so, the white people who are near a reservation are very prejudiced and they are the contacts we base Americanism on. You will find a lot of Indians are very patriotic. But the reason they're patriotic, to me, is because to go into the army is something prestigious to the boy who has nothing. O.K., you find the white middle-class boy rebelling right now against the draft. He can do something other than the military service, whereas the Indian boy has no alternative. But to create an alternative for the Indian, maybe this patriotism will die down eventually.

**DUANE BIRDBEAR**, freshman at Dartmouth College, a Mandan-Hidatsa from Fort Berthold, N. D.

Prejudice and bad treatment are subtle. It's a state of mind really, because, the white man says to himself, these are Indians and they go out and get drunk a lot, and they're getting a lot of money from the B.I.A. (Bureau of Indian Affairs), so you might as well take advantage of them.

The relocation program sometimes means taking





youth from a real poverty-stricken community on the reservation and transporting them to an Indian ghetto in a city. You're not really improving things that way. Indians are disillusioned because of all the broken promises, like selling their lands, taking their lands, building dams to flood their lands. Now they are simply getting apathetic about what the federal government has done.

When I go back to the reservation, I really feel alienated from a lot of kids I used to know as real friends, simply because I have been gone. I feel almost a total stranger coming back, and I just can't re-establish the same friendships we had before, because we think different thoughts. My idea of what a good time is isn't their idea of what a good time is.

**BONNIE DIXON, freshman at Denver University, graduate of the Navajo Methodist Mission School.**

I'm proud to be an Indian and sometimes that sets me apart from other people in a way that I'm proud. But, just like anybody else, you have to go out and get a job, or work for your grades. And so you're a person, not an Indian.

My parents both went to college. They never stressed the fact that I was an Indian, but they did keep me talking Navajo—now I can say just a few words, whereas maybe ten years ago I could rattle it off. Sometimes I wish I knew more about my heritage because people ask me to explain something about our

tribe or religion or language or government, and I can't do it. When I was younger, I didn't have any interest in it. Now I kind of regret it.

I don't give being an Indian a second thought. Some of the people I meet are very surprised to find out that I'm an Indian. Like in my philosophy class, I have a Japanese girl sitting on my right, who said to me one day, "Are you an Indian?" I said, "Yes," and she said, "What kind?" I said "Navajo." And she said, "Oooooohhhh! I've always wanted to meet a real American."

**DAVID REDHORSE, sophomore at Amherst College, a Navajo from Farmington, New Mexico.**

One of the problems is that the really poor Indian kids go away from the reservation to a B.I.A. or public school and they meet all the middle-class modern conveniences like color television or tape recorders, or running water, and they go back home and they resent their parents because they aren't able to provide such luxuries. So the youth themselves are a completely new generation. They are cut off from the adults and the adults carrying the tradition sort of ends there.

The farther you go away from the reservation, you strive harder to preserve it. And I know most of the Indian youth on the reservation ignore the tradition. They do not value it. I think, in a sense, others are thinking for them out there, and if you go way off, you have to formulate your own ideas and ideologies.



**VANCE GOODIRON**, sophomore at Boston University, a Mandan-Hidatsa from Fort Berthold, N. D.

I am interested in some kind of counseling or community action work. I feel that I have an obligation to my own people first, not to a particular tribe but just to Indians in general. Tribal loyalties are giving way gradually to a larger loyalty. It's what is called pan-Indianism, not confined to one loyalty.

Because I have been given a scholarship, hopefully I can give something in return. I wouldn't make money, but the level of income among Indians is generally low anyway. I don't derive any satisfaction from income, really. I've never seen income as a source of pleasure.

**BRUCE OAKES**, junior at Pomfret School, Pomfret, Conn., a Mohawk from St. Regis, N. Y.

New York State treats the Indian fairly well. We have nothing to do with the B.I.A. and the schools are very good. The reservation runs into Canada and some go to Canadian schools and some to American schools. There's no segregation. This was all new to me. Before I left the reservation, I hardly ever heard of segregation.

We're more independent than Western Indians. We don't depend on the government that much. When they try to terminate us, we immediately defend our-

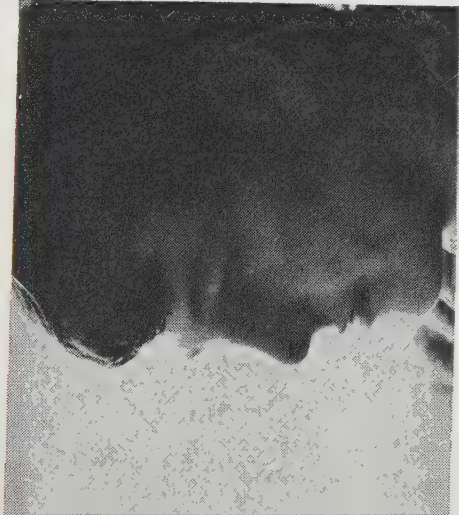
Karen Crowh



Vance Goodiron



## "White people forget there was an Eastern Indian"



Bruce Oakes

selves. But we don't try to push ahead for better things. There are things wrong; we're taken advantage of in small ways, but they hurt when you add them together. But there's no prejudice or anything like that against us. We have it much better than Western Indians do.

We were the first to mix with the French and the English and, well, they needed us at that time. They couldn't survive in this world without the Indian. And so we mixed and there was friendship made. By "mix," I mean mixed marriages. You don't find many full-blooded Mohawks anymore.

White people forget there was an Eastern Indian and we were once the strongest nation in the world. As far as history goes, the Iroquois (the Mohawk was a part of the Iroquois) are one of the most glorious tribes. They established the first confederacy in the world. Most people think they must have mixed in or else moved West with the rest of the Indians. Very few people know there are seven reservations in New York.

Most Mohawks are noted for high steel work in New York City and throughout the world. Most go to the cities during the week and come back on weekends. They make good money—it's one of the best paying jobs in the world—but drinking is a problem. And



during the winter you don't work. But they maybe made \$200 a week and blow \$150 over a bar. We made money but it goes to waste. And that's what's bad.

You see many kids who go out for the summer and they come back with a couple hundred dollars in their wallet during the weekend. And other kids see this and they want the same thing. They can't wait for it, so they quit school. I think if they did learn how to save money, our reservation would be much better, but I can't see how they will learn, unless they find some other way to relieve their frustrations. Most people used to say drinking was a problem that the white man brought in and the Indian just liked. Well, that was his excuse for a while. But it wasn't just something he liked to do; it was an excuse.

I'm 16 and the oldest of eight children. My parents are separated. My mother is only 30 or 31. In the beginning she took care of us, but now we're with my father. Everyone of my mother's friends—almost any families I can remember—have split marriages. Some of the girls I know from school who are 16 are getting married. And that's a big problem. They soon get sick of each other. They don't have a chance to see life. They don't get divorces; they just separate. They don't have enough money to get a divorce. And then there's pride, like "I don't want to get a divorce. You're still my wife even though we don't live together, and I don't want a divorce." Their pride would be hurt.

**CARSON WALKS-OVER-ICE, Vietnam veteran, a Crow from Hardin, Mont.**

I served a little over nine months in Vietnam as a paratrooper. Every outfit I was in, I was the only Indian. But I don't feel inferior—just sort of unique. I'll probably go back to the reservation as soon as my leg is better. My whole family is there. I've got my land. One of these days I want to build me a house on my land.

I was really scared when I first got into combat. But when Charlie is shooting at you, it's either him or you. You know he kills a lot of your buddies. A war is a war. We've got to stop Charlie. We've got to stop communists over there. I wouldn't want to fight them in my own backyard.

I don't like the anti-war protesters in this country, but it's their right to protest. That's what we're defending. It's one of the freedoms we've got, I guess.

Before I went to Vietnam, I was one of the leaders of the tribal parade dance. My mother said they're going to have a Sun Dance for me this summer and then at the next Crow Fair they're going to have a deal for all the guys who fought in Vietnam. The Sun Dance is a religious ceremony where you dance and give thanks for coming home. Three days and two nights. You come out on the third day. All the time (they're dancing) you can't drink any water or eat any food. I hope the leg will be O.K. so I can take part in the dancing. I still have the bullet imbedded in it.



I hope I can read in the tribal dances again . . .

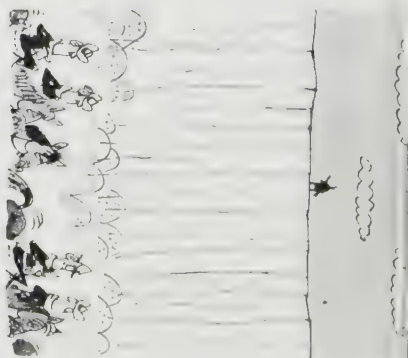
Canyon Walks Over Ice





# the cartoonists do the *Indian*

REDEYE—By Gordon Bess



(Continued on page 10)





Cartoon by Don Martin  
Copyright © 1968 by E. C. Publications



Cartoon by Francho (Courtesy Cheelah Magazine,  
Nov. 7 Issue)



Cartoon by Lichy (Publishers-Hall Syndicate)

"You think we could call  
for 'red' power without get-  
ting the Un-American Activi-  
ties Committee on our backs?"







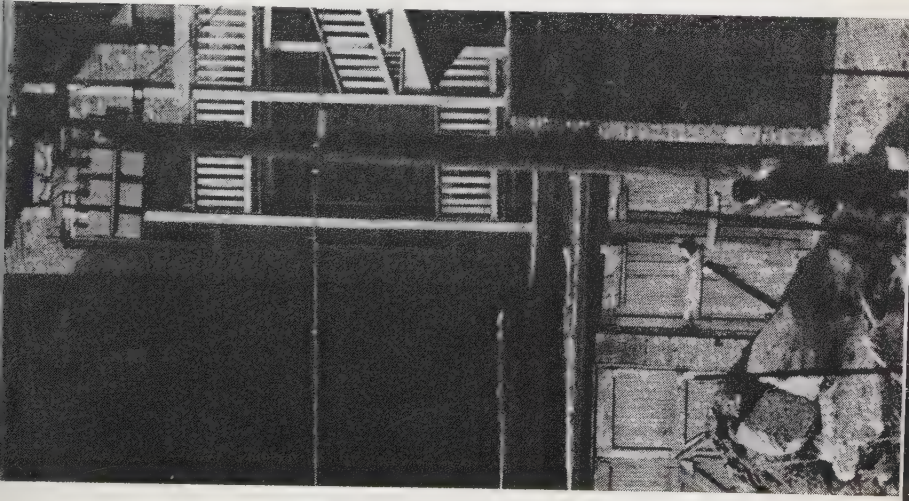
BY LAURA-JEAN MASHRICK / Debbie Wapoose is 13 and in the eighth grade. She studies science, social studies, Spanish, music, language arts, gym, and art—but doesn't know yet what she wants to do when she graduates from the Chicago high school she attends.

She plays the viola and is learning guitar. Debbie isn't too happy with Chicago, but neither does she wish to move back to the small Wisconsin town where her family once lived. She would like to live in a suburban community. Debbie and her family are members of the Menominee Tribe—most of her friends are also Indian in background. She is active in youth programs at the American Indian Center and is one of the cheerleaders for their basketball team. She attends special events and pow-wows with her family, but Debbie says she thinks of herself as just a teenager, rather than as an Indian teen.

Arlene Smith is 14 years old. She was born in Chicago. So were her

# inner chicago city

when Indian families  
move to the city, more  
than pride is needed





parents. She attends a city school with 3000 other students, babysits every afternoon, goes over to her girlfriend's house, likes to dance to "soul." Yet, this fall, Arlene will leave Chicago to study at the Santa Fe Art Institute for American Indians. Arlene's grandparents were from the Ottawa and Chippewa tribes and came to Chicago from Michigan.

Do the kids at school treat her differently because of her Indian background? Arlene told us, "They've asked me if I know how to Indian wrestle or do a rain dance, but that's about all." She explained that there are few Indians in Chicago with her tribal background, so while she has learned about other tribes, she knows little about her own.

Where would she like to live in the future if she had her choice? She answered immediately, "The city."

Ben Bearskin is 46. He has been in Chicago almost 20 years, yet he still thinks of Nebraska as home. "I think this is one feature most Indians have in common. They have a deep attachment for the land. Many different tribes of Indians are now residing in Chicago, but most of them maintain ties with the people back home.

"I think being an Indian is a source of pride. I think a lot of fellows think this is a source of pride, because we enjoy the distinction that no other person has. We are at home, while everyone else came here from somewhere else.

"And I believe that as time goes on, that society becomes more and more complex, there is that need for a basic pride in order to have something on which to build character. If you don't have that pride, well then you have no identity. We understand that all the states have these mental institutions that are bulging at the seams. This is evidence of social and psychological maladjustment. So we have to have some values, I believe.

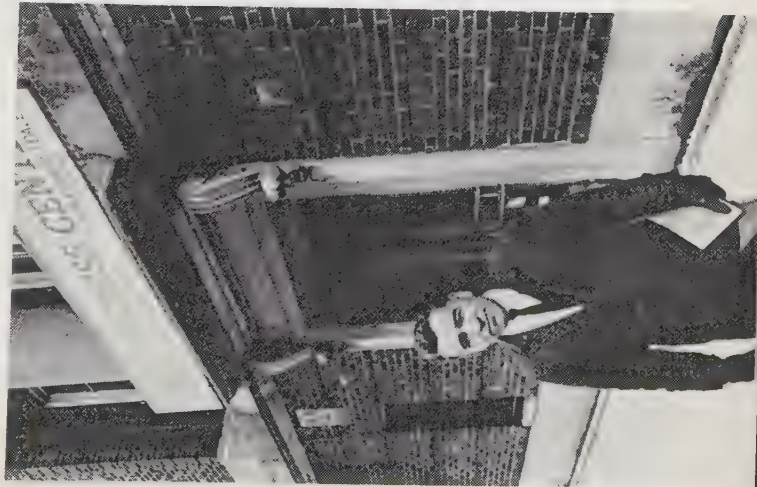
"There is possibly a class of Indian youth that doesn't have these values. I've seen some of this in my travels. Back in 1961, I covered about 95% of the reservations to the north and a little to the west. During these times I saw the cultural deterioration that some of these children are growing up with.

"There are some areas where the transition from Indian culture to white culture is going on, and some of the children are born into situations where the old values are already lost. There being no basic economies in these areas, there's much poverty. And nothing of the white culture is available to them. So, they're lost in between.

"And it is this type of young Indian who is ashamed he is an Indian. Because he doesn't realize, there's nobody ever told him: his ancestors were a noble race of men, who developed over many centuries a way of life; primitive though it was, it existed without prisons, hospitals, jails, courts, insane asylums, or currency, or anything. Yet an Indian back in those days was able-



Chicago in 1961. He is employed by the Office of Economic Opportunity. He believes the BIA does not adequately prepare people for the problems of the city.





they have—it isn't just a cold geographic transfer."  
—Bob Rietz, Director, American Indian Center



to live from babyhood till the time that you became white, and he lived a life of complete fulfillment. With no regrets at the end. You rarely see that in this day and age."

There are approximately 12,000 Indians in Chicago. Some, like the Smiths, have lived there for a generation, but most have come in recent years. The Bureau of Indian Affairs' relocation program was set up in the early 1950's. It was at that time that Chicago and other large U.S. cities began to receive a major influx of individuals and families from the reservations.

In addition to the Bureau programs, many Indians come to the city on their own—either because they have relatives already there, or simply because they are hoping to find employment. Many intend, eventually, to return to the reservation, and go back often for visits or vacations. Others find they can't take city life and stay only a few weeks or months before heading for home. Some complete a training program, but then do not stay to work. Unfortunately, the trade on skill they have learned in the city is seldom usable back on the reservation. At Ft. Belknap, for example, there are 20 trained body and fender mechanics—men who have been through training programs and have returned to unemployment on the reservation. For this reason, a few families will make several attempts to adjust to city living.

In Chicago, American Indians have gradually settled into an area on the north side of the city. It is an



area of old houses, now divided into apartments, and old apartment buildings. Only blocks away is the Lake Shore and expensive, new, high-rise apartments. The problems of the reservation are the problems of the city: housing and unemployment. For persons arriving in the city under Bureau sponsorship, help is given in finding a suitable apartment and a job. But for the family arriving on its own, such services are not available from the BIA—and to someone who has lived in a small, rural community most of his life, adjusting to a city like Chicago can be very difficult. Is there any place persons, not related to the Bureau, can go for help? The answer is yes.

The purpose of the American Indian Center is to provide services and a meeting place for the Indian community of Chicago. Director of the Center is Bob Rietz, but control, design, and execution of the programs held there are entirely the responsibility of the American Indians who are its members and participants. The Center is run by an elected board of Indian members.

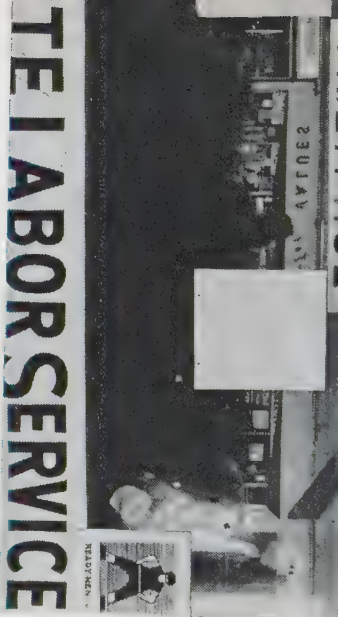
At present, activities range from bowling and basketball to an art class, Winnebago language class, Boy Scouts, and a Canoe Club. The Center employs a social worker to help with family problems; an Alcoholics Anonymous group meets there. For teenagers there is a Youth Group, a tutoring class, and a Charm Class. The Center also sponsors a monthly Pow-wow for all Indians in the city. ▲

## Gillis Chapala and Harrison Begaz

teach an art class of 20 students of all ages at the Chicago Indian Center. They are both Navahos, who came to Chicago under the BIA vocational training program.







Unfortunately, many Indians who move to the city on their own, find it difficult to obtain employment. They, then, turn to "day-work" agencies and exist on a day-to-day or short-term job basis, similar to the seasonal employment problem they have known on the reservation. Alcohol is a problem in the city as well. The impersonal nature of the city, and continuing employment problems contribute to this. A man with an alcohol problem on the reservation doesn't lose it in the city.

the city and the work of the Center in these terms: "Before I came here I used to hear more about preservation of Indian culture that had reference to specific things Indians *used to do*. I think this is a hangup which the white man tries to saddle the Indian with. Everything they did until we saw them was 'Indian'—and any ways they've changed since then, we discount. So, they've not been allowed to be 'Indian' and do things that they've discovered in the process of meeting with us. But, I think they are getting over this hangup which we have handed them. Indians have every single right to continue as a people, as Indians, and it has to be recognized that they are still Indians when they are doing 1965 sort of things in 1965. An Indian is being as much an Indian driving a truck in Chicago today, as he was shooting a buffalo from horseback in the past. What's happening at this Center is that we're trying to help Indians be Indians in Chicago."

Several blocks east of the American Indian Center in this north-side area is St. Augustine Center which was established by the Episcopal Church. St. Augustine's, headed by Father Peter Powell who has long had an interest in American Indians, operates on a social-service basis, providing emergency food and rent money to families in a crisis situation. The Center employs a psychiatrist and six case workers who do family counseling. But as Father Powell reminded us,

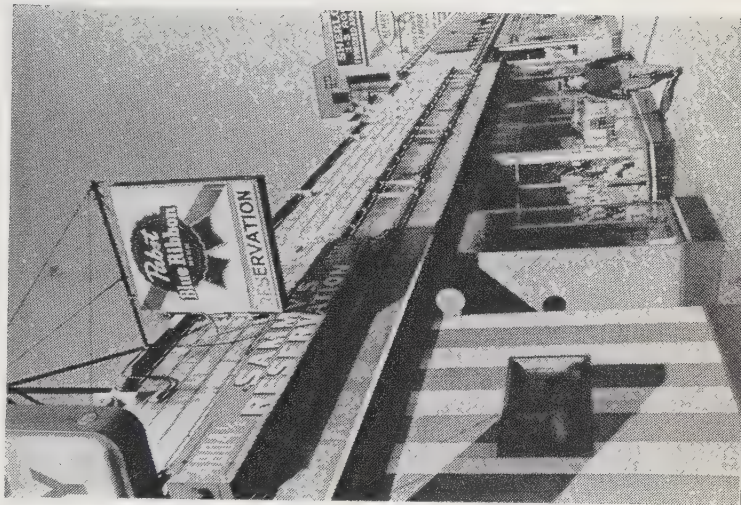


"Don't judge all Indians by what you see here—we are seeing generally only people with problems—about one-fifth of the actual number of Indians in the city.

"Indians are, by and large, a tribal people. Even in the midst of urban life most families identify first as members of a tribe, next as Indians, and finally as Chicanos. What is lacking in the urban situation is the physical presence of the tribe or tribal community itself with its social and spiritual life.

"At St. Augustine's Center, we must be more than an agency identifying with the needs and hopes of the First Americans. We must develop into a Center where Indians can find the community strength they formerly found in the reservation area through membership in the tribe. As the extension of the Mystical Body of Christ, we are called to be the local manifestation of the Divine Community, the supra-tribal community, which is the Catholic Church."

In addition to its family service program, St. Augustine's Center works to meet the spiritual and cultural needs of Indians. Mass is celebrated daily at 7:30 a.m. The women of the Center are represented in the Father Deloria Guild (named for one of the first Sioux Indians ordained to the priesthood). These women, from 22 different tribes, assist in the daily distribution and sorting of food and clothing. Once a week they gather to work on arts and crafts, the sale of which assists the work of the Center. Guild members have made three sets of Mass vestments, using Indian motifs,





The chapel of St. Augustine of Hippo is one of the few chapels in the country featuring only the work of Indian craftsmen.

The Church Federation of Chicago employs the Rev. Richard Luyke to work among Indians in the city. He visits new families, recommends local churches and agencies which can help them, and maintains a ministry to Indians of young adult age who have come to Chicago for study or vocational training. "The Chicago Indian Ministry is the ecumenical Church at work among these people, reminding them that they are the Church, these people with names like Fastwolf, Sixkiller, Bearskin, Crowshoe, Whitebird, and Fum-maker—or those with more conventional names like McPherson, Wright, or Smith. They are a people struggling to achieve economic well-being and a place in the mainstream of society, yet they manifest a growing expression of ethnic distinctiveness, as if to say to the rest of us 'the vanishing American isn't going to go through with it!'"

Bob Rietz of the American Indian Center summed it up this way: "In some ways we have treated Indians in our culture the way we treat teenagers, as just a phase, as temporary, not as real persons. We haven't been listening to them seriously, or recognizing that they have rights."

"Indians face the problems in the city we all face, but they don't have the structure around them that



**"One of the patterns we've seen is that** the families coming out of reservation areas where the old culture is strongly intact make the best adjustment to city living. They bring the strength of the old culture with them and this gives them a real foundation to take their place in the new."—Father Peter Powell



keeps them in place the way we do. That is, we are a people who admire rationalism so much we have gotten to the place where we are depersonalized. We can get on a bus, for example, and we don't see the bus driver as a person . . . it's the old problem of urban alienation. But Indians, from their tribal and family backgrounds, are used to very personal sorts of relationships. They want people to accept them as persons. Hopefully, Indians in this urban setting will find out how to function here as persons and will not become depersonalized. So, it isn't a question of shaping them up—all we need to do is to wish them well, support them, and maybe they can show *us* how to live.”

As Ben Bearskin put it—“I think that perhaps my early training in the home impressed me with the philosophy of our forebears. It was taught to us that if one could be of service to his people, this is one of the greatest honors there is. I think this has been a strong influence on my life. I'll never know all the answers. I'm still learning the answers.

“I think there will be some radical changes taking place. We have a younger generation in the age bracket of my oldest daughter. I think in the future Indians will make a bigger contribution. It's been pointed out that Indians should feel that if it was not for the land which *they* owned, this would not be the greatest nation on earth. . . .”<sup>\*</sup>

\* Quotations of Ben Bearskin reprinted by permission of Pantheon Books, a division of Random House, Inc., from DIVISION STREET: AMERICA by Studs Terkel. © 1967 by Studs Terkel.





with a little understanding . . .





*The picture is dreary, but still these remarkable people can drum and sing, joke and laugh—even if some of the jokes now are bitter. They have not given up. They do not want handouts or charity; they want the guidance and help that is necessary to enable them to help themselves. With a little understanding from their fellow Americans, they still may attain their goal, which is to be as healthy, as competent in all our ways, as active contributors, as solidly self-supporting as the rest of us, and still hold to traditions, generosities, and ancient knowledge that will add greatly to the richness of the American scene.*

—Oliver La Farge, in **A PICTORIAL**

**HISTORY OF THE AMERICAN INDIAN**  
(1956; Crown Publishers, Inc., New York)

**BY EDWARD P. DOZIER** / There is no single answer to the many problems which the young Indian faces today. If the white man is to help, understanding of the Indians' background is part of the answer. Where there is understanding of basic issues, both historical and contemporary, something can be done. It is at least a beginning.

**Diversity and unity.** One of the remarkable things about the American Indian is the co-existence of diversity and unity. For example, in northwestern New

Long before the white man, Indian societies were built on respect for the individual, sharing of responsibilities, and democratic decision-making. This scene of women polling bull-boats near a Mandan village was etched by Carl Bodmer in 1833.

Mexico there are two Pueblo Indian villages only six miles from each other. The houses, furniture, physical appearance and dress of the inhabitants of the two villages all appear identical. Yet they speak two languages, each absolutely unrelated to the other. It is like coming upon a Chinese-speaking village and an English-speaking village side-by-side whose people are culturally and racially identical!

**What are the elements of diversity?** There are, north of the Rio Grande alone, some 78 language stocks spoken by American Indians. And each of these stocks has tremendous internal diversity. Further, in their types of economy, American Indians of the past ranged all the way from simple gatherers, like the Paiutes, Washo, and Shoshoni of the Great Basin area through to buffalo hunters, like the Crow, Cheyenne, and the Comanche, to intensive farmers, like the Pueblos of the Southwest.

Political and social organization also differed among American Indians: from simple family groups, like the Great Basin tribes, through simple bands of the Plains types and the complex clan systems of the Northwest coast, to impressive confederacies like the Iroquois League.

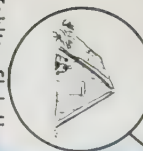
In physical type we encounter a range that is quite striking. Indians are tall and short, broad and slender, and while their general copper tone in complexion may be quite uniform, face and head forms come in all sizes and shapes.

To make matters even more confused, contact with whites has added to differences and complexities.





Eskimo Ice Igloo



Tahltan Slab House



Blackfoot Teepee



Pomo Lean-to



Hopi Pueblo



Pawnee Earth Lodge



Concho Thatched Dwelling



Natchez Sun Temple



Seminole Chickee



Powhatan Wigwam



Iroquois Long House



Ojibwa Wigwam





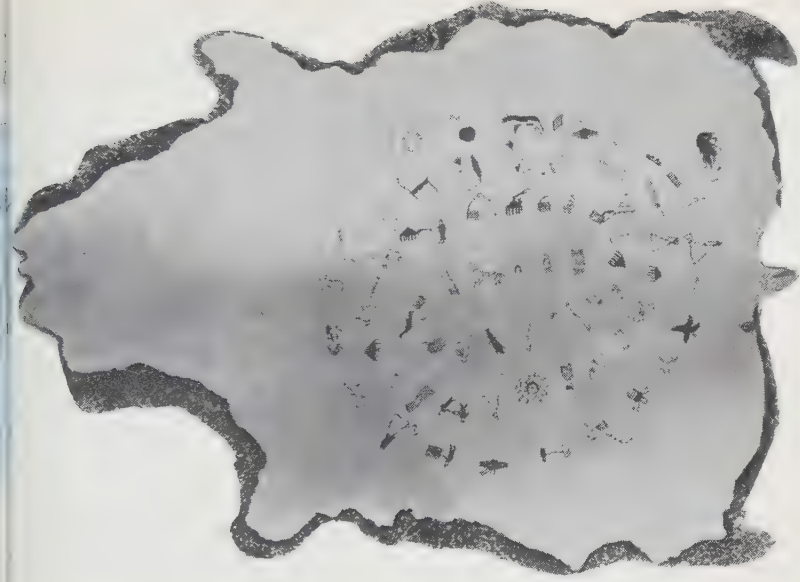
From the very earliest contacts some mixing or blood took place and all groups have experienced a disruption of their way of life. No American Indian now lives the way his forebears lived at the time of contact.

**Are some tribes superior to others?** In spite of all their differences there is no evidence of this. It is impossible to rank Indian groups, or, for that matter, any people in the world. Any criterion chosen would be impossible to defend as desirable for all groups. Actually, what happens in evaluations of cultures is that one's own values in his society receives a high ranking. But this is a highly ethnocentric view and cannot be defended objectively.

The type of economy, religion, social and political organization which the various tribes possessed all seem to have been adequate and efficient for their purposes. American Indian societies of the past performed all the tasks social groups are required to perform everywhere—they molded happy and responsible individuals. It is only with the social and cultural upheavals of recent times that cultural disorganization and demoralization have set in.

The 19th century solution, attempted by many sincere friends of the Indian, was to make them over into

Although some 78 basic languages are still spoken and although picture writing on animal skins (right) was used in the past, no true writing system was developed by Indians in what is now the U.S. and Canada.





every sacrifice, and lost between two cultures.

**Where is the unity that Indians have?** Despite social and cultural differences, American Indians north of the Rio Grande were all tribal peoples. There were no kingdoms, markets, kings, lords, vassals. The division between commoners and privileged classes was virtually nonexistent.

Among Indians one man was equal to another and one man was as good as the next one. While the good hunter and brave warrior might receive high value, such an achievement was not denied by virtue of being born in a particular family. In no tribe were women considered to be in an inferior position. And in most American Indian societies there were respectable positions for even those who were not physically strong. Shamans, or medicine men, had an esteemed position in spite of physical handicaps.

**Class society South of the Border.** The situation in Mexico, Central America, and the highlands of South America was quite different. Here, larger populations and a complex agricultural economy produced a large privileged class of priests and nobles who ruled over large numbers of commoners. Many of these commoners were virtual slaves and their lives often depended on the whims of the priestly class.

**True Democracy North of the Border.** In what is now the United States and Canada, however, such elaborate types of social organization never developed fully. North of the Rio Grande, respect for the indi-

peristed. All important decisions had to be reached unanimously. Meetings went on for hours, sometimes for days, because everyone must be heard and the final outcome must be a group decision rather than that of an individual or even of a majority.

**Indian and White Compatibility.** Indian individualism and the life of the white frontiersmen were remarkably compatible in the early days. There are many cases of white men who became members of Indian tribes and became successfully integrated into these societies.

Quannah Parker, principal chief of the Comanche, was a son of a Comanche and a white captive woman. He first resisted white advances, but later was instrumental in effecting peaceful relations between the Comanche and whites. He popularized education, encouraged house building and agriculture, but held strictly to his native beliefs and ceremonies. He is a good example of the fact that cultural heritage need not be a deterrent to successful participation in the dominant American society.

Ely Samuel Parker—no relation to Quannah—was the son of a Seneca Indian and a white captive woman. He became chief of the Seneca, but through persuasion by white friends, left the tribe to study law and civil engineering. By the end of the Civil War, Ely Parker rose to the rank of brigadier general. In 1869, Commissioner of Indian Affairs and served in this capacity for many years. ▶





"Ball Play of the Choctaw" was painted by George Catlin in 1836. Many games played today by the white man had their roots in the recreation of the early Indians.



**economies.** The appeal which North American Indian societies had to early white Americans was their individualism and the essentially democratic nature of their social and political institutions. Jefferson and the other early Americans were well acquainted with many of the provisions of the Iroquois Confederacy and incorporated its rules into our system of government.

**Indian unity through white contacts.** Another area of behavior and attitudes of American Indians which cut across tribal, physical, and linguistic differences arises out of their common experiences and reaction to white contact. Most American Indian tribes had become sufficiently disorganized by 1850 in terms of their economy, as well as their values and beliefs, to arrest the attention of health, welfare, and educational groups. The roots of this Indian disorganization and deprivation may be attributed to wars, cultural invasion, the arrival of contemptuous settlers, military subordination and loss of land, and the final blow to Indian dignity—placement in reservations and the food ration system.

**Hunting tribes destroyed.** Most adversely affected by white contact were the warring and hunting tribes, who by far constituted the largest group of Indians in the United States and Canada. These were the Indians whose economic base was thoroughly destroyed and adjustment had to be made or attempted, often unsuccessfully, to another system.

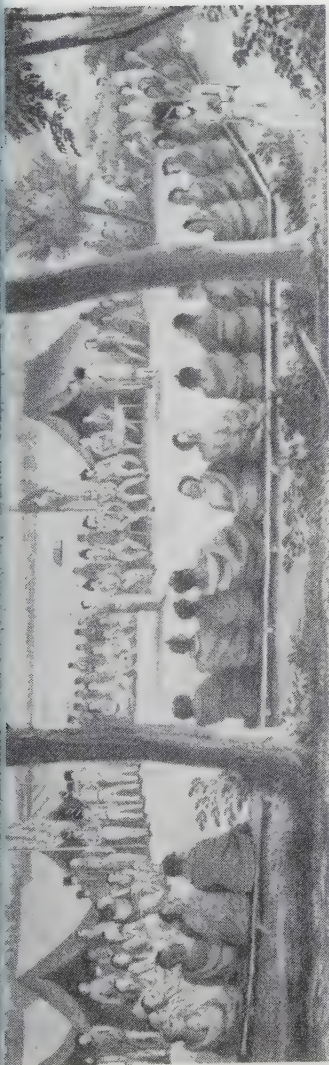
For nomadic or semi-nomadic people, like the Sioux and the Navajo in eastern New Mexico, the transition

great obstacles, it is particularly difficult in the West where the complex techniques of irrigation must also be learned. Besides all this, farming was a degrading occupation; historically, it was practiced by the tribes who had little prestige and who were the object of raids.

**Federal control becomes oppressive.** Perhaps the greatest blow to Indian dignity was federal supervision through placement on reservations and the food ration system. In the early days, this meant for many the direct dependence of the Indian on the government for all the essentials of life. Later, the Indian was expected to procure his own necessities, but federal control still regulated and supervised his use of the land, his right to vote, and many other rights and privileges enjoyed freely by other citizens.

**A program of de-Indianization in the schools.** The government schools which many of the grandparents and parents of our present generation of Indians were forced to attend were virtual prisons. During the late 19th century and well into the present century, the philosophy which motivated schooling for Indians was that their culture and language must be thoroughly destroyed before any progress in "civilization" could be made. Children were seized at six years of age and confined in boarding schools until past adolescence. During vacations they were indentured to whites as servants. The use of Indian language was forbidden. Infractions were dealt with brutally, through a variety of physical punishments.





Bitterness still remains among Indians because of treaties made and broken by the government in the early 1800's. Shown here is an army major negotiating with the Pawnees near Council Bluffs in 1819.



Ely Samuel Parker, son of a Seneca Indian and a white captive woman, was a brigadier general under U. S. Grant and later Commissioner of Indian Affairs.



THOUGHTS  
AGAINST THEM  
MOSSED UPON  
US THEREON  
STORIES OF  
GOD OF HEAVEN  
AND HELL OF  
SNAIL  
BALMION  
LES PREMIERS  
MISSIONAIRES  
NOUS CONSIDERE  
PAIENT COMME  
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PROPRE CONCER  
TONDE DELID  
OEL DELERES  
DUREC-ET  
MONT ETRE



organization also proceeded at home. During the early 1900's, investigators were sent to Indian tribes to study reported immoral and anti-Christian practices of the Indians. These investigators brought back reports of customs which violated Anglo-American standards of decency and morality. Under the religious Crime Code, Indian Service officials were instructed to stop ceremonial practices which might be contrary to accepted Christian standards.

**Government policy causes bitterness.** After 1930, the inhuman policy of the government was dropped and the organized attack on Indian cultures and languages abandoned. But a half century of cultural persecution made an indelible mark on Indian society and personality.

Bitterness, feelings of inadequacy, and hostility to government programs characterized all Indians and these attitudes have been passed down to the present generation. Sufficient deprivational factors have been indicated to account for the deep sense of inferiority and inadequacy from which the American Indian suffers. To all this must be added that American Indians share with other racially visible ethnic minority groups of low economic status discrimination, poverty, poor housing, and lack of education and job opportunities.

The controversial Canadian Indian Pavilion at Expo 67 awakened the conscience of many non-Indians to the situation existing today.



tive and negative aspects of American Indian culture sketched above tend to affect young Indians adversely. The differences within Indian culture and language are barriers to forming a single Indian pressure group which might make possible a united approach to common problems. Reservation backgrounds where English is unfamiliar or poorly learned provide further handicaps. Since Indian culture and society, and the native language are undergoing change and disorganization, aspects of the cultural heritage are also ineffectively transmitted. Thus modern Indians are rarely masters of either their native language or English, and the adjustment to either the Indian culture or the white one is a maze of confusion. Intra-Indian relations whether at school or off the reservation are, therefore, rarely satisfying and rewarding.

**Problems of Adjustment.** The value orientations which Indians share also often act as deterrents to successful adjustment to American life and culture, and to relations among other Indians. Both the egalitarian aspect of Indian society which emphasizes individualism, and the legacy of bitterness, inferiority and apathy inherited from the cultural deprivations suffered by past generations tend to get in the way.

For example, because of the emphasis on individualism, it is a common experience of school teachers and school supervisors that initially young Indians seek answers to problems stubbornly on their own. But since such attempts are hampered by a narrow and often erroneous concept of the issues and indeed

Except for highly motivated Indians who very likely come from secure home backgrounds, young Indians withdraw into themselves and live unhappily in school environments while seeking the first opportunity to drop out. Many are hesitant to seek help.

**The effects of deprivation.** The legacy of deprivation is perhaps the most serious of the handicaps suffered by Indian young people. The present school generation has inherited the negative attitudes of their forefathers and are living in a period of tremendous upheavals of their cultural heritage. Whether or not a student is able to verbalize the cause of his loneliness, his feeling of inadequacy, and his adjustment problems, it is clear that at the base of these difficulties lies the overpowering social and cultural deprivation he has suffered and is continuing to suffer.

The sense of inadequacy and the Indian's narrow concept of the white world also frequently make him a prey of dependency relationships. To a large extent this dependency condition was forced upon the Indians by placing them in reservations. Government policies in the late 1900's and early twenties demoralized the Indian for at the bottom of it all was the feeling that an Indian should be ashamed to be what he was.

**The present policy of the government** is directed toward removing the sense of shame and letting the Indian move in the world as an equal, though different citizen. Under the treatment he is now receiving, he will probably give more to America and gain more as well.



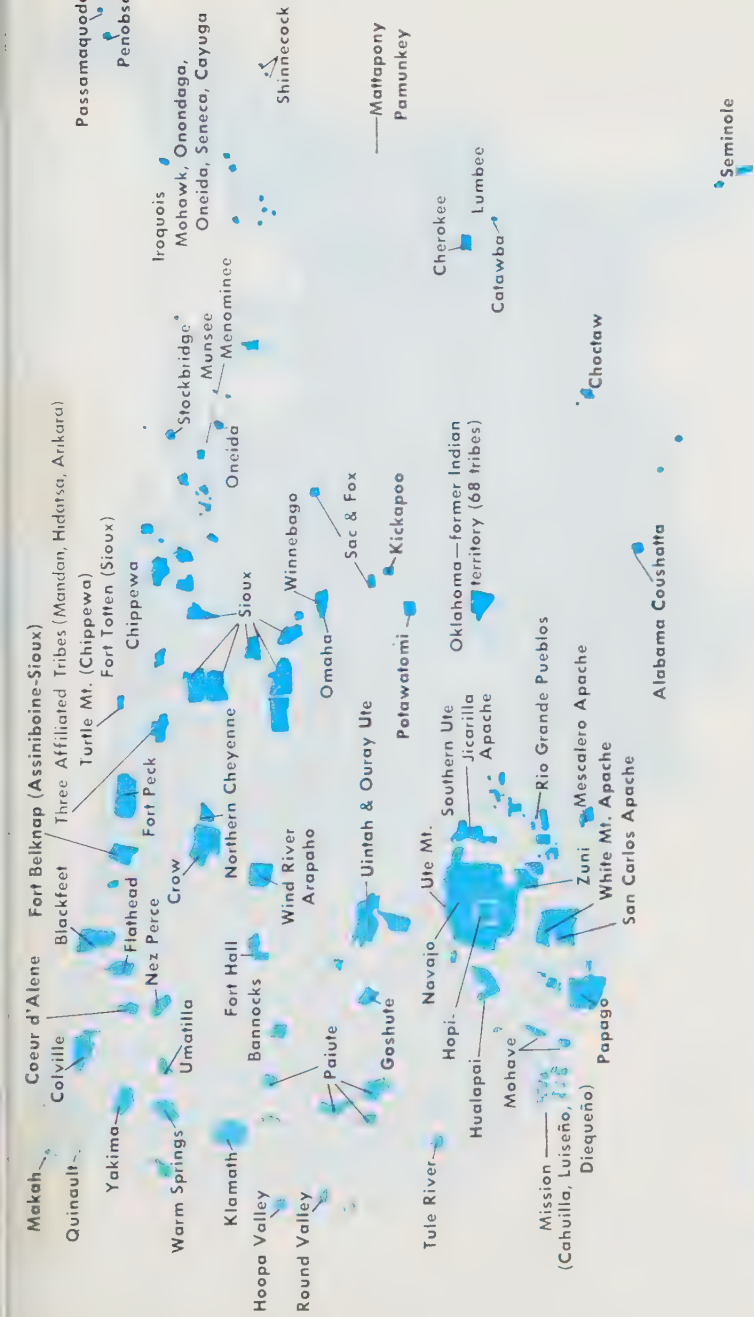


# KEY

One dot represents 1000 inhabitants:

- INDIANS
- ESKIMOS
- ESKIMOS





 Reservations



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Illustration by T. D. Emerson



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## AUDIO VISUALS

The following audio visual materials are available from the Office for Audio Visuals Stewardship Council, United Church of Christ, 1505 Race St., Philadelphia, Pa. 19102:

**Apostle to the Indians.** 15 min., 60-frame filmstrip with 33 1/3 rpm record, in color. Rental price: \$3.50.

**Hunger in America.** 51 min., divided into 2 parts to facilitate classroom use. 16 mm sound motion picture, in color. Rental price: \$20.

**Navajo.** 29 min., motion picture, black and white. Rental: \$6.00.

**Song of the Shining Mountains** 28 1/2 min., 16 mm sound motion picture, color. Rental: U.C.C. \$5.00; others \$7.00.

**The Exiles.** 72 min., motion picture, black and white. Rental price: \$25.00.



# young Indian artists



Art is a way of expressing how you feel, who you are, and what the world looks like to you. To encourage such self-expression among artistically-talented Indian youth is the aim of the Institute of

American Indian Arts in Santa Fe, N. Mex. The school enrolls Indian teenagers who show an interest in or an aptitude for fine arts, crafts, or performing arts. Ranging in age from 16 to 23, they come from more than 80 tribes in over half of the states. Founded in 1962, the Institute is under the aegis of the U.S. Department of Interior's Bureau of Indian Affairs. Given the freedom to find his own way, the young artist often weaves wildly between the rich culture of his ancestors and the ideas and styles of the modern world until he finds a direction that appeals to him.



















On the western edge of Gallup, New Mexico, passengers on the Santa Fe Railroad look out and see a broad, dark brown building.

It is a forbidding-looking structure, as large as a state penitentiary. There is no grass. No trees. No architectural fillips to break the bleakness of horizontal rows of vacuous windows. The neighborhood consists of a small airport, a clutch of motels, an outdoor movie theatre. On the other side of the tracks is the town jail—a "tank" for Indian drunks. All around, as far as one can see, the countryside is covered with leafless, dead sagebrush and tumbleweeds.

Officials call the place a border-town dormitory, because it is located a few miles outside the border of the sprawling Navajo Indian Reservation. In this dormitory dwell some four or five hundred Indian boys and girls who attend public schools in town. They have been sent here to be integrated with modern culture and white man's ways.

In one of the dormitory wings, identical to all the rest, are twenty

## girl with seven names

HOPHOYA (bronze) by Otellie  
Loloma/Hopi Pueblo, Arizona



double-deck, iron beds, pushed close together. There is no space for a chair or even one chest of drawers. Just 40 lockers and double-deck beds for 40 girls in one large room. Down the halls are the gang-like toilets, showers, washbowls and the only mirror.

On the upper level of one of the bunks sat a dark-skinned girl of 14. Her long legs hung over the edge of the bed, dangling in mid-air. The other 39 girls, including her pal from the bunk below, were in study hall where they were supposed to be. An elderly matron tiptoed stealthily along the narrow aisle between the two rows of beds.

"Virginia! What are you up to now?"

"What am I up to? I am up to the top bed," the girl said, taking the question literally.

"Why aren't you in study hall?"

"Who Me? I do homework here."

"Let me see what you are writing," the woman demanded.

The girl slid to the floor, tomboy-

ishly. She was a late-maturing, flat-chested adolescent, and her lean arms bent like a boy's more than a girl's. Her bobbed hair was slightly kinky, not straight like pure Indian hair. She was obviously a part-Negro Indian. Her flesh was a coffee-with-milk color. She knew she looked different from all the other girls.

The attendant hurriedly scanned the girl's paper.

"At lunch," she read, "*we tasted celery. We never tasted celery before. When we ate celery we make loud noises. We sound like many goats are eating. Celery iss hard to swallow.*"

The matron looked stern and squinted at the girl. "Virginia, you are going to get a bad name around here. Since you prefer your bunk to study hall, you can get undressed and go to bed."

Julia scowled. She wondered why all the employees called her Virginia. That was not her name. Virginia was her mother's name.

It was way back in the 1870's that Julia's great-great-grandmother caught the fancy of a Negro cavalryman. He was in a troop sent out to

Fort Defiance to subdue hungry Indians who were constantly irking railroad workers, cowboys and other newcomers by their wandering about.

The result was that Julia's great-grandmother was born fatherless—one-half Negro and one-half Indian. Her grandmother was one-quarter Negro. Her mother was one-eighth. Julia was one-sixteenth Black soldier and fifteen-sixteenths Navajo.

All her ancestors had been brought up as Indians. Their mode of life and their thinking was Indian. But Julia's trace of Negro in her features placed three strikes against her. Her own people were aloof to her; the whites rejected her; Negro people rejected her. She was "out" wherever she went. Her teachers automatically assumed she must come from a home of moral looseness—real low-class!

Julia got undressed and tossed in bed. She wished she were back home where she had been free from bells and clocks, free from artificial restrictions—without a pack of strangers pushing her around. It seemed to her that everyone was making her do things to which she was unaccustomed.



Back home it was different—back on the reservation at Standing Rock.

Her past life became suddenly vivid, like fresh-conceived patterns in blankets her mother wove under a pinon tree.

She recalled the wind . . . out where the wind is free . . . running down the dusty road . . . He is not a good citizen when he pulls the girls' skirts and blows the girls' hair. Or pushes the little boys and girls.

She smiled in remembrance of days she used to have . . . one day especially, when she herded the sheep to the creek. They called it Whiskey Creek. White people came and caught fish out of that creek sometimes. Julia tried to hold onto the horns of a ram that day. The ram pushed her into the water where the sheep were drinking and she got wet all over. She made the water so muddy the sheep didn't drink much that time. Her mother scolded her but didn't spank her. Only white people spank children to make them cry.

Her thoughts wandered to other days of trouble. Once she tried to help her father saw boards the right sibe when he was building their one-

room house. She did the same thing over and over for a whole month. Then, when the house was at last finished, and on a day that was very hot, she tried to open the window. She didn't know it was made only for letting sunlight in—not for letting in air. When she took a board off to open the window, the whole window fell in.

Her father came rushing into the house.

"Who ruined my new house?" he asked.

Her little brother pointed to her. Her father looked real mad.

"Alright," he said. "You got only 30 minutes to get out of this house."

Julia went out immediately. In a little while she strolled back.

"Now! What do you want?" her father asked.

"I believe I still have 15 minutes left to stay in the house," she answered.

Her father laughed at her. She giggled inside now as she recalled how he looked. How did she get into so much trouble?

A picture of the flat-roofed, tiny trading post came to her. Before she started school, she had gone to the





## girl with seven names

trading post to buy something to eat. She saw a box with a pretty cake printed in it, so she bought that. She took the box outside, expecting to eat the cake right away, but the box only had flour in it!

Life was full of amazement to her. But sometimes she got angry quickly. Like the time her little kitten ran away. There were many trees on the hills near her house and she looked everywhere. Finally she tried calling one last time before giving up. She was standing in front of a big flat rock nearby and the sound came right back at her. She got mad at the rock for mocking her and started to kick it. Her brother told her it was an echo she heard. It was foolish to kick the rock!

When she was ten she started going to the one-room day school. She told her mother in Navajo that she was in chalk class. She couldn't say first grade.

One day at recess a girl called her Owl Eyes. It was about the eye-classes they got for her at school.

Owl Eyes is a bad name—taunting beyond the teacher's comprehension. She yanked the girl's hair so hard the teacher made her stay a long time after school. Just because she pulled the girl's long hair over that bad name!

Names give trouble, she concluded. When she was born, her mother called her Smiley. She had a dimple which made her look as though she were always smiling.

At the school, the teacher was a man. He said Smiley was not a good name for school. So her mother said to call her Julia. The teacher said she should really have three names—a first name, a middle name and a family name. But he put her down as Julia Mitchell. She still didn't know whether Mitchell was a family name or a middle name. The teacher got the name Mitchell out of his crazy head, she guessed.

When the teacher asked her father his name, he said Charlie *begay*. The teacher did not know that *begay* is the Navajo word for son of. Like son of Charlie. So the teacher wrote Charlie Begay for his name! Then the teacher asked what is her mother's name. Her mother was



waiting outside. Her father went out to ask her. She told him to say she is Charlie's wife. The teacher scratched his head how to put down Charlie's Wife. He made up another name and put her down as Mrs. Virginia Begay.

Julia was glad she never told anyone her secret ceremonial name which is for only the gods to know. If someone asks you, you say, "I don't know. My grandmother keeps it." You have to be careful not to lose a good name.

Julia began to feel the chill of the night—the kind of a night on which rabbits like to come out to play. It was nice to snuggle warmly in her bed. She curled her knees and rolled over on her side. She enjoyed this kind of punishment.

She was getting drowsy. She wished she had stayed at Standing Rock School. It was more fun then. The missionary came once a week. She remembered how he told the children about the money changers being driven out of the temple. Then he gave the children crayons and told them to draw a Bible picture.

To her, there was only one way the money changers could be driven any-

where. That was to be driven in a covered wagon or in a car. So she drew a picture of a pick-up full of brown-skinned money changers coming out of a church. A pink-faced Jesus was at the wheel.

The missionary laughed that time. . . . Julia's thoughts strayed and she dropped off to sleep.

\* \* \*

It was getting near Christmas and the girl Julia, whom the teachers called Virginia, was not getting along well. In the English class they were reading a story—"The Christmas Carol"—about a little girl with pigtails. It was supposed to be for children and the teacher considered it amusing, she said. But Julia saw nothing funny in it.

"What is a pigtail?" Julia asked. "A pigtail? A pigtail," the teacher repeated herself with a h-mmm sound. She looked out the window. She glanced around the room. Her eyes dropped on Julia. Julia's hair had been growing longer and she now had it in two short braids about two inches long.

"You have *two* pigtails—your braids!" the teacher exclaimed.

This made the whole class laugh.

Julia thought the teacher was calling her a pig with two tails. The teacher had given her a bad name and that was the last time Julia asked any questions in that class. They put her pal into a different class after that. The school didn't want too many Indians in one room, she heard. What she couldn't figure out was why too many Indians were worse than too many whites. She wanted to argue about this but kept quiet.

In arithmetic she had trouble too. She read a reasoning problem about how much a man was worth. He owned a house worth twelve thousand dollars, it said. And he owned a lot worth one thousand dollars. What was he worth altogether? the problem asked.

She would never forget that day. She asked the teacher what is a lot?

"Did you look it up in the dictionary?" the teacher asked.

Yes she had. The dictionary told about drawing lots to decide something—about one's fate being a happy lot—and about a sorry lot of recruits. There were so many kinds of meanings that Julia still couldn't tell what to do with the lot in the arithmetic problem.



The teacher reluctantly explained that a lot is a small piece of land—a piece of land on which a house is built.

The idea that the white man cuts land up into little pieces that belong to an individual was still confusing. Julia had a house at Standing Rock. But there wasn't any lot. All the land on the reservation belonged to the whole tribe.

The teacher said that maybe she should take remedial reading. And they gave her tests. Julia didn't understand the questions. Why did she always flunk the tests? Julia wondered. She really knew many things. How to skin and dress a goat. "Save the first and fourth stomachs for blood sausage," her mother always reminded her. . . . "Go look for raw alum under rocks. I want it to whiten the wool," her mother would say at another time. She knew how to cook alum and fix it for making desert-blossom dyes stick to yarn. And how to prepare juniper ash for cornmeal mush,

or for dyeing wool thread black. . . . She knew how to dig yucca roots and make soap out of them for washing her hair. . . . Why don't the tests ever ask about important things like that?

She tried to show the teacher that English is a very hard language for a Navajo girl. She copied part of a story from a book, putting it into English the way it would have to be interpreted in Navajo. She wrote: *Coyote back-and-forth he repeatedly walking those gray rabbits little they-are-the-fat-ones? Very they are-sweet he thinks it is said.* The teacher called her to the desk and said, "Julia, this is all mixed up."

"That's not mixed up," Julia said. "Look, the book says: A coyote walked back and forth thinking how appetizing a fat little cottontail would be."

The teacher looked at her with up-cast eye and said, "Just try your best, Virginia."

It was spring when the Principal sent out a memorandum to all the teachers. It announced there would be an annual Pet Day on April 10. Pupils could bring a pet to school

on that day. The memo said the students should each let their science teacher know what pet they would bring. And in the English classes they would each write a story about their pet.

Julia was very excited. She was the only one in the whole dormitory of five hundred pupils who had a pet, she told the teacher, as though it were a secret.

She enjoyed listening to the other children read about their pets. When the teacher asked her to read her paper, she hesitantly took it out of one of her books and tried to smooth out the wrinkles.

"I had a pet," she read. "The name of my pet is Mouse. I keep him in the bottom of the trash can."

She hesitated, looking sideways out the window. "I put newspaper over him so he doesn't run away. I sure like him."

The class was beginning to giggle. "Every time I went to the dining room I always brought a piece of bread for him. It was fun to see him eat."

Once again she looked around the room, before going on. "I want to bring him to Pet Show but he died!



two days before it. Somebody threw his shoes in that trash can. That is how he died."

The class laughed and laughed.

At recess that day, some girls shouted, "Negrita, negrita," at her out in the yard. She started crying and ran back to her homeroom.

"What is the matter, Virginia? Why are you upset?" her teacher asked.

"They keep calling me names. Nay-greeta! Nay-greeta! They keep saying."

"Do you know what that means."

"No. I don't care."

The teacher ignored that last remark. "It is a Spanish word."

The teacher spelled it out. "N-e-g-r-i-t-a. Negrita, it means a little Negro girl. It is really a term of affection." The teacher smiled as though it were a joke.

"I'm Indian! Those Mexicans. They are our enemies."

"Wasn't that long ago?"

"Yea, like the North and the South," Julia countered.

"I don't think all Mexicans dislike all Indians," the teacher persisted. "Indians and Mexicans were once at war, I admit. But now we

all are Americans. Don't you think it would be nicer to call them Spanish-Americans?"

"Not me. They're Mexicans," Julia said.

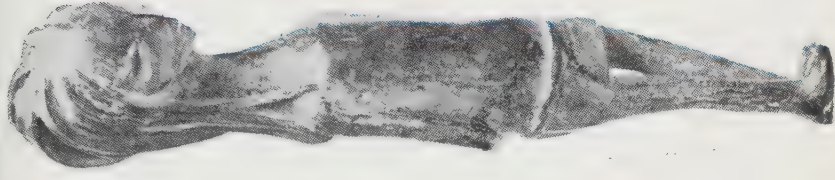
"Maybe if you showed them you are an Indian with a good name, you might make some of them your friends."

She had heard enough of that crap, Julia said to herself. She turned poutily and went to her seat. A good name . . . a good name! Everyone keeps saying, Virginia, makes a good name!

The next day she cut all of her classes. She got on the bus at the dormitory, but when it arrived at the school, she walked away—in the direction of the stores. She went into a drug store, into a department store, a five and ten. She was exploring—and escaping.

She planned to be back at the school when it was time for the busses to take children to their homes, and to the dormitory. But she wandered into the country and didn't really know what time it was.

It was dark when she commenced the three-mile walk back to the dorm. She was curious about people







### girl with seven names

she could see through lighted windows. She wondered how the white people really live. She stopped to watch a cat under a streetlight chasing bugs. She passed several bars and hurried by, out of range of the noises coming from inside. By the time she passed all the motels with their neon lights, it was bedtime in the dormitory.

The matron scolded her, saying they had been looking all over for her.

"Do you think I need the pill?" Julia asked, trying to bedevil the matron.

"Virginia, *you* are a pill," the matron said. "Why do you always try to give yourself a bad name?"

She was mad. How about the teachers? Why didn't they teach Indian children the Indian ways? They just teach the white man's ways. The white people want to get everything on their side all the time.

She would be so glad when the school year was over. She would

never come back to school here again, she concluded.

On the last day, in late May, her English teacher stopped her in the hall.

"Virginia," she said. "We will never forget you."

\* \* \*

It was early evening on August 29 when Julia got off a bus way up in Utah at a BIG boarding school. She was amazed and disappointed.

A new teacher at Standing Rock had come to her home just a few days before. She was an odd-looking woman, shaped like a lumpy potato.

"Are you Julia?" she asked when Julia and her mother came out of the house to talk. Julia was dark as a butternut from being out in the sun herding sheep all summer.

"They tell me you are almost 16. And you have had only four years of school—two at Standing Rock and two at Gallup."

Julia looked at the ground—indifferent to school.

"I think you would like it at Intermountain School up in Utah. It is a special school with lots of girls and boys who are as old as you are in the same grade."



Julia recalled the hard arithmetic problem. *Lots* of boys and girls? She had a mental picture of small pieces of land covered solidly with wiggling boys and girls . . . And the new teacher said Intermountain School in a way that sounded like in-the-mountain school. Julia's curiosity was aroused and she agreed to go.

Now she looked all around. In the twilight, as far as she could see, a range of high, round-topped, grass-covered mountains rose behind the school. But in-ter-mountain School wasn't really an inside-the-mountain school.

She felt tired from the all-day ride. It was her first ride on a big bus. She had fun pulling the handle on the seat and feeling the seat tip back so she could go to sleep. But she didn't sleep at all. The sights of new towns, cattle and grass and running streams were too exciting. She saw so much water running it was as though someone in a dormitory upstream had left some faucets running and should be scolded. Yes, there was more water than ran in Whiskey Creek after a cloudburst at Standing Rock.

When she got off the bus, she was directed to a desk in a big room.

"What is your name?" the man at the desk asked.

"Julia Mitchell," she said.

The man looked and looked and shuffled many papers. Finally he asked, "Did you go to school in Gal-  
lupe?"

"Yes," Julia said.

"Then you must be Virginia. They transferred your file here, and I have to report that you have arrived."

\* \* \*

Unfailingly, Julia appeared in class in buttock-tight green slacks and bright red sneakers. The shirt tails of her white blouse hung long and loose over her slender rump.

She liked her teacher, Mr. Barnett. He was short, stocky, with a quick smile. Even arithmetic was fun. One day Mr. Barnett came to class lugging a fat, green-and-white striped watermelon under his arm. He put it on a tray and passed paper towels to everyone.

"Now we are going to make fractions," he said.

The children took turns. First one cut the melon in half. Red juice ran all over the desk and Mr. Barnett

had to wipe it up with one of the towels. They all laughed.

Another pupil cut each of the two pieces in half and made fourths. Then they made eighths and sixteenths. Julia cut them all in half again and made thirtyseconds. Each pupil had a piece and two were left over.

"Next time," Julia said, "we do fractions with cake, huh? Maybe we make it come out right."

Everyone laughed so hard that Mr. Barnett said, "Alright. Quiet! Or you won't go to the gym."

"We had lots of fun in the gym," Julia told the dormitory matron when they came back "We played for championship. We lost our game. Then we had party."

But that was the last time Julia went to P.E. She made excuses so many times that Mr. Barnett kept her after class at the end of one day to talk to her.

"Why don't you like Phys Ed any more?" he asked.

"They make fun of me. They say to me, why are your legs black? Aren't you Indian?"

"Do you know that the first European in the Southwest was a



Negro? A very famous explorer named Estevan."

"You mean the first white man to come here was black?" Julia asked. "That's right."

"How come?"

"He was shipwrecked and lived among the Indians for three or four years. He even died near Zuni pueblo—south of Gallup."

"One of my grandfathers way back was a black soldier at Fort Defance," Julia volunteered. It was the first time she had admitted it to anybody.

"Then he was probably in the Civil War fighting for freedom," Mr. Barnett said. "And your Indian ancestors fought for freedom—in defense of their homes."

"Maybe that gives them all a bad name."

"I think you should be proud of them all," Mr. Barnett said.

Julia sat, unbelieving, for a long

time. She and Mr. Barnett looked at each other. Then she got up and walked out. She liked Mr. Barnett.

In a few weeks she was in trouble again. It was town day—the day when all of her class went to town. To get ready for town day, Mr. Barnett explained about the traffic lights. About how to be watchful in the stores and not crowd other customers away from the counters. Not to handle goods unless you really intended to buy the article. And now they were going to town on their own.

On the way to town, Julia and two other girls passed a big white house. In the yard was a fountain and a small pool. Julia and the girls were filled with curiosity and walked over close. In the pool they saw a shining gold fish.

On the way back from the stores, Julia had a tin can. She stopped again at the pool. She reached into the water and deftly caught the gold fish. It wiggled and splashed in the tin can all the way back to school. Now she had a pet again!

Soon the Principal called her from the dormitory where she roomed with three other girls.

"Virginia, the Mayor says a thieving Indian girl stole his gold fish right out of his yard. And the girls say it was you."

"Me? Steal?"

"Do you have the fish?"

"Yes, but I didn't steal it. I just took it like white people take fish out of Whiskey Creek on the reservation."

"Well, Virginia, this isn't Whiskey Creek. It is different here. You will have to take the fish back and apologize to the Mayor. He is mad at Indians right now."

"So I guess I make mistake and get bad name again," Julia said.

The next day, Mr. Barnett started a discussion in class about what is a good name. Finally he said, "I want each one of you to write a theme. The theme will be—How to make a good name. It can be whatever length you wish."

It took all the rest of the day for Julia to write her thoughts.



*How to Make a Good Name*  
by Mary Laughter

When I come to school, she wrote, everybody say make good name. A good name is important thing, I think.

My ticher says Virginia, you write story how to make a good name.

It is easy to lose a good name. When I tell my mother they make mistake in file and call me Virginia she was really disappointed. My mother has hard time to say Virginia for herself. It is easier to say Julia, she say.

File makes all kinds of trouble. In school, they call Virginia. I do not answer cause I am Julia. So ticher mark Virginia absent. In the p.m. the Principal come to our room. He ask is Virginia here? The ticher see me and say yes.

The Principal say wasn't Virginia here this morning? I say yes she wasn't here this morning.

Why dont I answer roll call he say. I say they do not call my name so how can I answer?

Principal say they look all over

for Virginia. He real mad, like Mayor.

When I started school, the ticher say Smiley is not a good school name. He say Maybe I be ticher some day and want good name.

When I go on bus to go home for summer, someone say Virginia and give me push. They make me get on wrong bus. I get wrong mother and stay in wrong place. It take long time for Principal to find me.

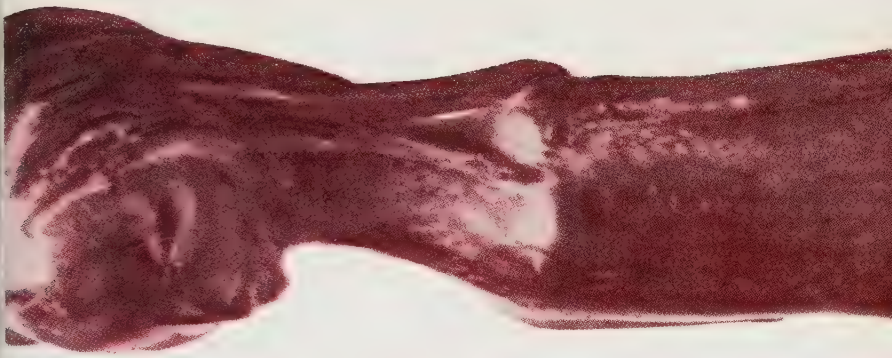
Now I make new name. If ticher can make mistake and give me wrong name, I can make mistake and make myself new name. The name is Mary Laughter. The whole of it is Mary J. Laughter. I make Julia my middle name.

No more Virginia Mitchell

The next day, when Mr. Barnett looked up, he said, "Good morning, Mary. I liked your story."

What he didn't understand, was why she was wearing shoes—new black shoes, and a feminine pink dress—one she had made in home economics.

—The End—





forth by a number of people. Too few solutions have been offered by Indian people and now, with the country in a mood to assist Indians, we believe that we should offer a few new ideas. So we have written up proposed solutions for various schools of thought should they come into power in 1968. We offer this free of charge.

**CORPS OF ENGINEERS** The chief task of the Corps of Engineers is flooding Indian land. Since they have a lot of land left to flood, it is doubtful that they will finish the task before the end of the century. A lot of time is wasted by the Corps in trying to move Indian people off their land so that the dams can fill with water. Our plan, especially designed for the Corps of Engineers, was originally advocated by Red Cloud of the Oglala Sioux. PUT THEM ALL ON WHEELS SO THAT THEY CAN BE MOVED WITH EASE!!!!

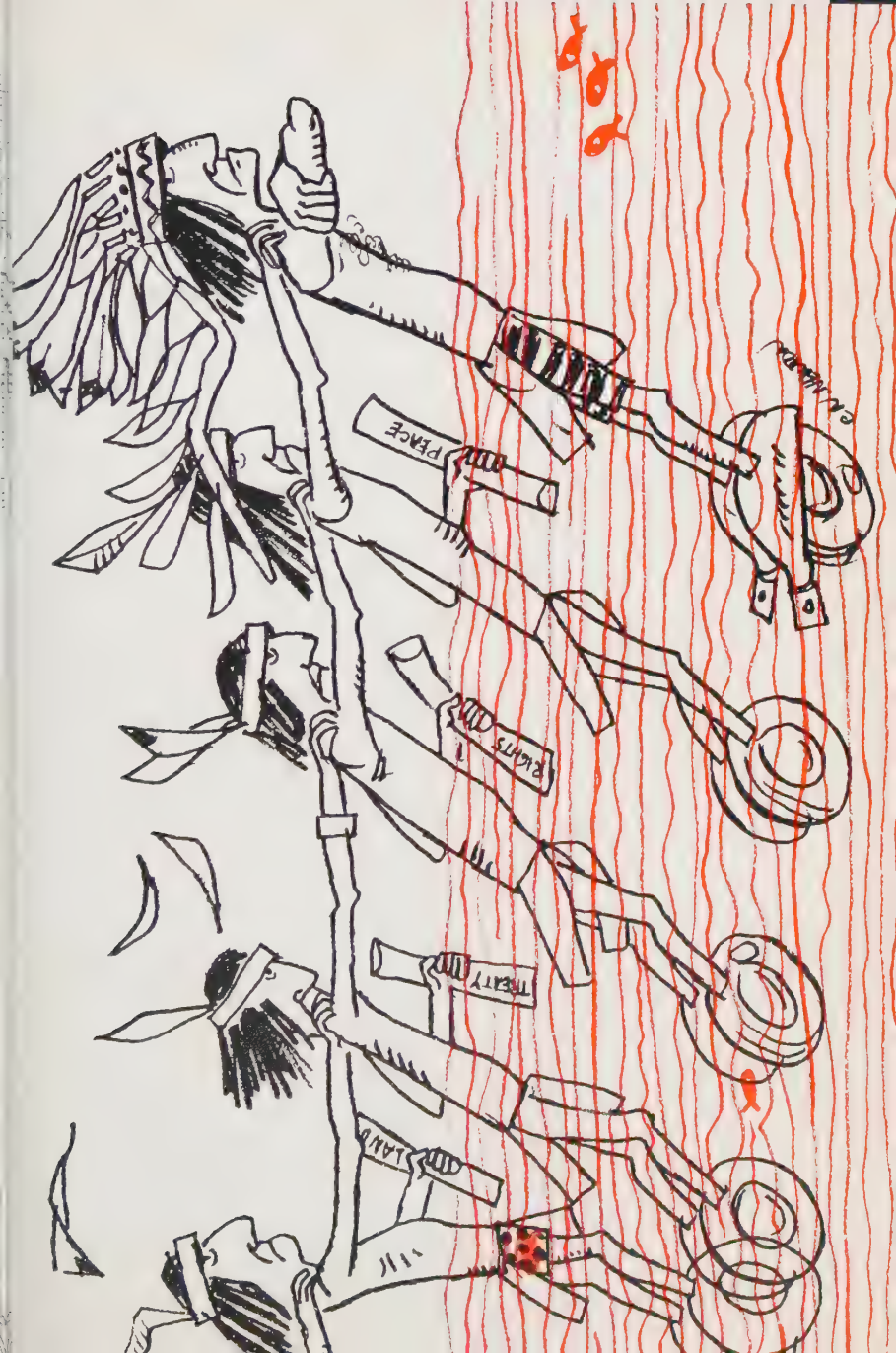
**EXTREME RIGHT WING** The extreme right wing groups view every sunrise as a plot to take over the coun-

# solutions to the indian problem

a satire by Vine Deloria, Jr.











ty. Their concept of American History, being quite limited, most believe that Indians migrated here from India just after the turn of the century. They feel that "Indians" are somehow "un-American." Our plan, designed especially for them, would transfer the Bureau of Indian Affairs to the Indian Counselates and all dealings would be through the Indian Ambassador.

**EXTREME LEFT WING.** The extreme left wing, on the other hand, believes that any change must be for the better. The kookier the change the more they feel at home. For them complete turmoil is but peaceful relaxation. So, our plan for the extreme left wing is to pass the **LAW OF PERPETUAL CHANGE.** Under this law, Indians would be required to learn something new, change an article of clothing, or move their homes, every five minutes. Under this law Indians would be changing faster than the rest of the country and so would be able to compete with others far better than they are able to do so today.

**MODERATE RIGHT WING.** The moderate right wing **LIKES** minority groups. It just doesn't like them in its neighborhood, or indeed, where they might meet one of them. For the moderate, Indians are fine so long as they don't have to deal with them and so long as they aren't on welfare making taxes higher. Our plan for them to put into effect is a law called **WHITE BY ACT OF CONGRESS.** Congress can, as those of you who have been in the service know, by a simple law, declare that a bumpkin is an "Officer and a Gentleman." Our **WHITE BY ACT OF CONGRESS LAW** would simply make Indians white officially and all people would be required to treat "White Indians" like Bumpkin officers are treated as if they were gentlemen in the service.

**MODERATE LEFT WING.** The moderate left wing also **LIKES** Indians. It does this officially through a variety of devices. Among these are: Brotherhood. One Great Hour of Sharing, memorial events where we have one of



each: 1 redman, 1 black man, 1 yellow man, 1 brown man, and each are asked to talk on brotherhood of man. After the service or celebration the red, black, yellow and brown people return to their hovels and the moderate left winger returns to his suburban home to write a book on the experience. Because the moderate lefts are usually quite well to do, we have incorporated a plan by which substantial funds can be raised also. This plan is RENT-AN-INDIAN. Under this plan, moderate lefts can rent an Indian for their celebrations and brotherhood dinners for a modest \$7.00 a day and \$0.10 a word for his speech. This would be nation-wide and provide additional income for pilot projects around the world.

Reprinted by permission from the Winter 1967 issue of *NCAI Sentinel* Bulletin, National Congress of American Indians.





... I know that my race must change. We cannot hold our own with the white man as we are. We only ask an even chance to live as other men live. We ask to be recognized as men. We ask that the same law shall work alike on all men.

"Let me be a free man—free to travel, free to stop, free to work, free to trade, free to choose my own teachers, free to follow the religion of my fathers, free to think and talk and act for myself—and I will obey every law, or submit to the penalty. . . ."

—Chief Joseph,  
Nez Perce, 1879





# An alien in his own land

The first among us must not be last.

- The look in fall fashions includes Indian squaw—forehead bands, beads, buckskin fringes, feathers, and long, straight hair (even black wigs for blondes). At Teepee Town on 42nd Street business is booming. No one seems to care that there's no comparison between the authentic Indian clothes on display and the fringed miniskits and vests on sale. And it's easier to get a \$1.98 imported beaded headband than the \$10 real thing. Visits to New York City's Indian museum inspired Penelope Tree in designing her collection of clothes for teenagers.

- The late Senator Robert F. Kennedy shocked the Subcommittee on Indian Affairs in March of this year when he told a story that happened at a reservation in Idaho. "The suicide rate among teenagers on that reservation," he said, "is over 100 times the national average. Suicides occur as early as eight years of age. Two days after we left, a 16-year-old boy from a school we had visited hanged himself in the county jail where he had been placed without a hearing and without notification to his parents after being accused of drinking during school hours. Three other Indians had hung themselves in the same jail from the same pipe within the previous 11 months—one of them a 17-year-old girl."

- When U. S. merchants sell their consumer goods at international fairs overseas, they usually delight the crowds in Tel Aviv, New Delhi, or Amsterdam with that which is uniquely "American"—a jazz band, Hawaiian hula dancers, and a troupe of American Indians.

Photo by Bill Wingell





...and in Washington, D.C., in May were American Indian demonstrators. They wanted to air their grievances. Said one angry young man: "We once owned this land. We shared it with all kinds of people. Now, we find that only certain people get rich from the land while we have to beg for surplus commodities."

● Custer, who lost the Battle of the Little Big Horn, also lost the Battle of the Big Nielsen during last year's TV season. Before ABC-TV's "Custer" had even reached home screens, Indian groups protested the series because "it glorifies Custer's criminal atrocities against American Indians and presents them in a derogatory manner." Indian bumper stickers said: "Custer died for your sins." Despite the welcomed publicity, the TV series put up a brush but losing fight with TV viewers and network executives.

● Negro comedian, Dick Gregory, had been fasting in jail. He was trying to call national attention to Washington State's denial of off-reservation fishing right and other "laws" which some Indians feel is a violation of the Medicine Creek Treaty of 1854 with the Nisqually tribe. "Fish-ins" and other protests have met with violent opposition from white "sportsmen," right-wing extremists, and state troopers, as well as with legal maneuverings in and out of courts.

**The forgotten American** In the first full message on the American Indian ever sent to Congress by any U. S. President, Lyndon Johnson described on March 6, 1968, the following situation:

day. Some 400,000 live on or near reservations in 25 states. The remaining 200,000 have moved to cities and towns. The most striking fact about the American Indians today is their tragic plight:

—Fifty-thousand Indian families live in unsanitary, dilapidated dwellings—many in huts, shanties, even abandoned automobiles.

—The unemployment rate among Indians is nearly 40 percent—more than ten times the national average.

—Fifty percent of Indian school children—double the national average—drop out before completing high school.

—Indian literacy rates are among the lowest in the nation; the rates of sickness and poverty are among the highest.

—Thousands of Indians who have migrated into the cities find themselves untrained for jobs and unprepared for urban life.

—The average age of death of an American Indian today is 44 years; for all other Americans, it is 65.

**The heart of the matter** It is no surprise, then, for one of the Indian leaders of the Poor People's Campaign to observe: "If there's one thing we Indians can get together on, it's being poor." Yet Indian support throughout the country was lacking. Very few wanted to risk the March on Washington. There was, of course, the normal fear of the potential violence, but most said, "Indians don't do things like that." And others feared government reprisals.



Photo by UPI



Photo by UPI



Photo by NBC



### imitation Indians miss the truth

Americans like to identify with the romantic heritage of the Indians in their past—the feathered and fringed costume, the colorful dances and pageantry, and the young Indian maiden being rescued, but they too soon forget the white man's genocide of the Indian, his paternalism toward the "savage," and the present-day poverty of most reservation Indians.





Photo by Ed Eckstein

Raymond Nakai is chairman of the Tribal Council of the Navajos—largest U. S. tribe. Its 115,000 members live on reservation lands of 16 million acres in four states and run uranium mines, electronic plant, motel chain, and hydroelectric complexes. The tribe's multi-million-dollar business is the result of wise leadership in use of resources and aid.

exists, but it must be met in a manner that preserves the integrity of the individual Indian plus his tribal way of doing things, while at the same time enabling the Indian to live as an equal in the white man's world. Behind it all is a deep distrust of the white man, especially as represented by the Bureau of Indian Affairs.

**Why distrust?** Long before 1492, Indians had a way of life worth preserving. Yet our history books imply that the redman's life began when the white man arrived on the scene. On the contrary! By 1850, the white man's disease, hostility and exploitation had reduced the Indian population of North America from about 800,000 to about 250,000. Some call this genocide and records show that this was the intention of some white soldiers and settlers.

When the government was not openly cooperating with these exploiters, it supported them indirectly by being indifferent to the plight and pleas of the Indians. And seldom in world history has there been such a massive displacement of persons as carried out by the U. S. government as a result of its Indian Removal Act in 1830 which authorized the forceful displacement of all Indians to west of the Mississippi.

The record is full of similar acts.

It looked like things would begin to change with the Indian Reorganization Act of 1934 which gave full citizenship to those Indians who had been denied it. But, as late as 1953, Congress adopted the so-called "termination" policy which meant the federal government should move to end its responsibilities and services to reservation Indians with little thought of how Indians would be affected. This caused the BIA to push a relocation program to help Indians move to the city. Unfortunately, the poverty of the reservation often became the poverty of an Indian ghetto.



**A giant step for the tribes** / Indian opposition has been gathering strength in recent years. Educated tribal leadership has become wiser. The voice of the young "red power" enthusiasts has had its impact. The climate for civil rights ripened opportunities for all minorities. And the need among Indians has multiplied.

In the old days, the Indian Service Agency office dominated the life of the reservation. Today the offices of the Tribal Council are the center of interest and activity. Tribal leaders are expected to take the initiative in community affairs. Tribal politics is ward politics, job politics, Catholic and Protestant politics, and even involves the rivalry of medicine men. Individual prestige and power is tied to election and achievement in tribal office.

"For over a hundred years, everybody assumed that the BIA had absolute authority," observes Vine Deloria, Jr., a Standing Rock Sioux Indian and former Executive Director of the National Congress of American Indians, the major national organization including representatives from most tribes. "And it's just been in the past several years that the tribes as a whole have accepted the idea that the Bureau can be beaten, and can be made to serve. It's a giant step for the tribes to discover the fact that they don't have to accept any resolution the Bureau comes out with; they have a right to go in and fight it out administratively, and they can win. And so everything now, as I see it, is starting to change over. You get aggressive tribes and individuals."

**Partnership not paternalism** "I propose a new goal for our Indian programs," said President Johnson in his March message to Congress. "A goal that ends the old debate about 'termination' of Indian program and stresses self-determination; a goal that erases old attitudes of paternalism and promotes partnership of self-help."

## will the real Indian stand up?

When Buffy Sainte-Marie, Cree folk singer, was asked to appear in an episode of "The Virginian," she made the previously unheard-of request that all the other Indian parts in the TV story be cast with real Indians, too. The same authenticity is attempted in her songs.



Photo by Wide World



started two years ago when President Johnson had appointed Robert Bennett, an Oneida, as Commissioner of Indian Affairs—only the second Indian to head the BIA since its beginnings.

"We want to help the Indians have a free choice, reports Mr. Bennett in an interview with *YOUTH* magazine. "Our effort is two-pronged: first, to develop economic opportunities on or near reservations for those who wish to remain there, and, second, to equip those people who wish to leave the reservations with the skills to live in other communities."

But even though Commissioner Bennett is a strong father who spends every minute thinking, planning, and working on behalf of Indian people, tribal leaders will probably continue the family quarrel with the BIA's paternalism throughout his time in office. Besides, with the change in administration in 1969, won't this mean another change in direction of BIA policy? Mr. Bennett thinks not, for once the authority and decision-making is in the hands of the people, it is difficult to change the process. In addition, Mr. Bennett feels his present policy of being in dialogue with Indian representatives on the state of Indian affairs in general and on major decisions in particular will be a policy which future commissioners won't have any choice but to follow.

**Indian mainstream** On one reservation after another you find sensitive, intelligent, able men and women working *not* to bring the mythical mainstream of

stream of the life of Indian America within the United States. It is hard and discouraging and frustrating every bit of the way. But the goal is becoming clear.

**Black and red roles reversed** No other minority group is in a less favorable economic position than that of the Indian. The average black ghetto dwellers' income is three times that of the red man's.

"The role of the Negro and the role of the Indian have been absolutely reversed in American society for a hundred years," notes Vine Deloria, Jr. "With the Indian, the government used all of its resources to bust up his culture, to push his kids into white man's schools, to make him adopt the white man's economic way, to make him get the white man's religion, and all that sort of thing. With the Negro, the government appropriated millions of dollars for state troopers to keep him out of the schools, to keep him out of the restaurants, to keep him out of the churches, to push him out of society. It got to the place where the Indians wanted out and the Negroes wanted in."

**The American Indian is young** Fifty percent of the 600,000 Indians in the U.S. are 17 years of age or younger, as compared with 36 percent of the general population. Reared to be proud of his heritage, the young Indian in most cases soon faces cultural and often language) differences, poor schooling, unsatisfactory housing, malnutrition, frustrating family problems, isolation in remote areas, lack of job opportunities, and general white indifference. Is it any wonder



Some U. S. congressmen want to terminate the government's responsibility to the Indian reservations. Others say no. "Whatever the future legal relationships between the tribes and the government, I believe the Indians want the federal government to continue to recognize their group as a tribe of Indians," says Robert Bennett, the first Indian in this century to be U. S. Commissioner of Indian Affairs. "It is with their tribes that they find their identity—their Indianness."



Photo by Ed Eckstein

**RENEW  
VIOLATED  
IROQUOIS  
TREATY**

**AIM OF THE  
INDIAN ACT  
is Genocide!**



Included in "Indian affairs" in both the U. S. and Canadian governments is the concern for the Eskimos in Alaska and in northern Canada, respectively. There are similarities between Indian programs of the two governments—and tribal unrest. Protesting legislation in Ottawa, two Canadian Indians from the Caughnawaga Reserve near Montreal paraded in front of the Parliament building several years ago.



between the eighth and twelfth grades? Unable to understand or resolve their own personal conflicts, many young Indians attempt suicide. But where they are given honest opportunities, they are making their own way—both in the white man's world and in the Indian councils. They are giving leadership on reservations and making their "red-power" feelings felt in such organizations as the National Indian Youth Council. Their voice is being heard.

**The white man's problem** Every white man is often his own biggest problem, mostly because he's also the biggest problem of the black man, the red man, or any other over whom he feels superior. And how does he nurture his own superiority feelings? He writes history and headline stories from his own viewpoint. He calls "savage" or "primitive" anyone who is his enemy or who does not live as he lives. He romanticizes (and often adapts) the unique and "colorful" cultural features of the "savage." He deprives the other of equal education, equal housing, equal health guarantees, and equal job opportunities, and then calls him "lazy." And when justice or truth or his own conscience catches up with him, he calls it the "Negro problem," or the "Indian problem," or the "ghetto problem," or the "Vietnamese problem." But, basically, it's his own problem.

Some Indians feel that until the U. S. government, and the people it represents, learn how to understand within their midst the American Indian—how he talks,

who he is, how he lives, and what he wants—it will not understand any other people of a similar situation overseas, including the North and South Vietnamese. And others feel that the American white man has to improve upon his presently destructive way of saving other people, so typified by the U.S. officer in Vietnam: "We had to destroy the city to save it."

And in the process of salvation for himself and those he seeks to save, the white man might take counsel from the Indian quoted by Stan Steiner in his recent book, *The New Indians*.\*

"We Indians have a more human philosophy of life. We Indians will show this country how to act human. Someday this country will revise its constitution, its laws, in terms of human beings, instead of property. If Red Power is to be a power in this country, it is because it is ideological."

"You don't understand," objected one gray-haired Negro leader. "The Indians ought to fight for equality; for their civil rights."

"We do," said the Sioux. "But that isn't the question. The question is, what is the nature of life? It isn't what you eat, or whether you eat, or who you vote for, or whether you vote, or not. What is the ultimate value of a man's life? That is the question."

This is the voice of the new Indian, echoing the voice of his forefathers centuries ago.

The first among us must not be last. ▼

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## PHOTO ESSAY

### THE INDIAN NOW

PHOTOS BY ED ECKSTEIN

On the following pages is a gallery of photographs and poems interpreting the life of the Indian today. The poems are written by high school students—past and present—in creative writing classes at the Institute of American Indian Arts in Santa Fe, N. Mex.

The photos in this essay are taken by Photographer Ed Eckstein of Philadelphia, Pa., who did all of the photos in this issue—except where noted.

While on assignment for YOUTH magazine, Ed made numerous trips throughout the country over a period of ten months to photograph Indian life today—on the reservation, in the city, and on the campus.



Photographer Ed Eckstein



Photos by Don Wilder



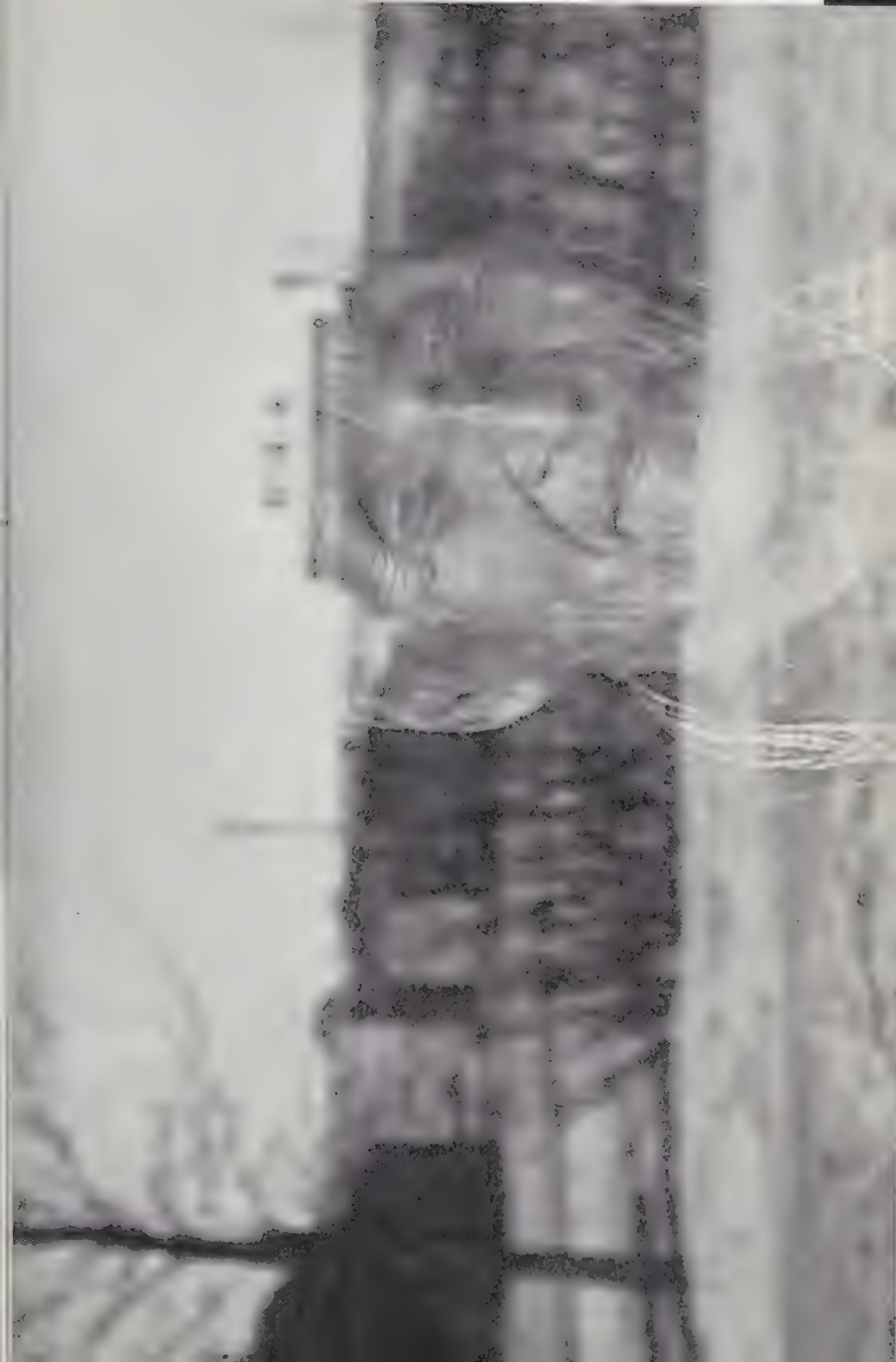
## YESTERDAY

Where rivers flowed  
Where grasses grew  
Where animals strayed  
Where mountains climbed  
Where birds sang  
Where buffalo roamed  
Where winters passed  
Where snows melted  
Where birth came  
Where Blackfeet camped  
Where Paiute settled  
Where wars began  
Where spirits whisper  
Where?  
Beyond yesterday.

by Betty Pepi









I cried because I didn't have  
A little bitty slice of something else;  
Then the sun reached down  
and tickled my tears . . .  
I made a laughing bowl  
that caught the tears  
To wash the hand that touched me.

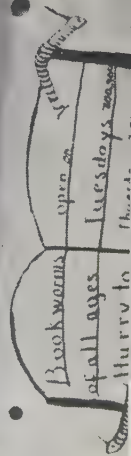
by Donna Whitewing





# - WANTED - FOSTER PARENTS TO CARE FOR NAVAJO CHILDREN...

INDIAN OR NON-INDIAN  
APPLICANTS LIVING IN OR NEAR  
FORT DEFENCE WILL BE CONSIDERED  
FOR FURTHER INFORMATION AND TO MAKE  
APPLICATION, CONTACT THE B.I.A. BRANCH  
OF WELFARE OFFICE AT FORT DEFENCE.  
OFFICE IS LOCATED IN THE ADM. BUILDING.





## UNCERTAIN ADMISSION

The sky looked down on me in aimless blues  
The sun glares at me with a questioning light  
The mountains tower over me with uncertain shadows  
The trees sway in the bewildered breeze  
The deer dance in perplexed rhythms  
The ants crawl around me in untrusting circles  
The birds soar above me with doubtful dips and dives  
They all, in their own way, ask the question,  
Who are you, who are you?  
I have to admit to them, to myself,  
I am an Indian.

by FRANCIS DPAJII







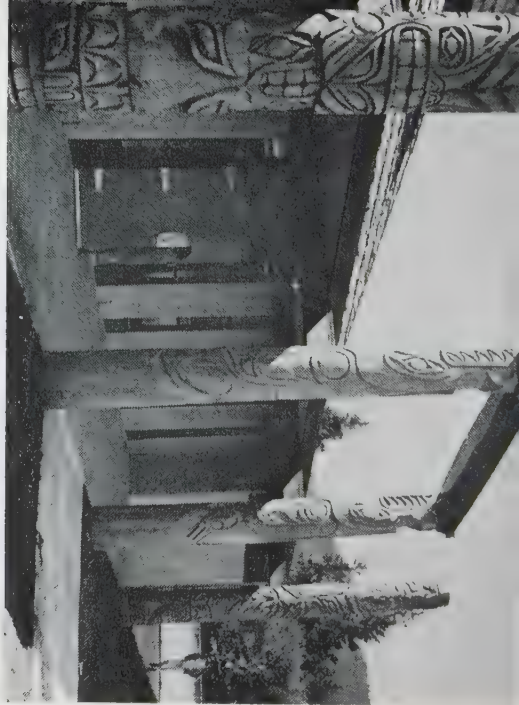
## AMBITION

This summer I shall  
Return to our Longhouse  
Hide beneath a feathered hat,  
And become an Old Man.

by Phil George



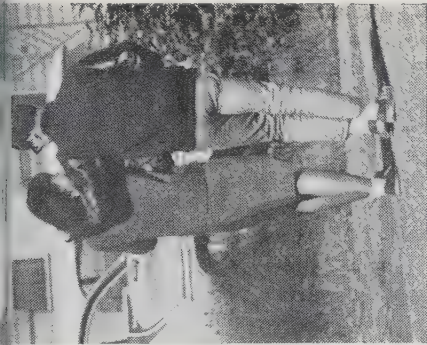
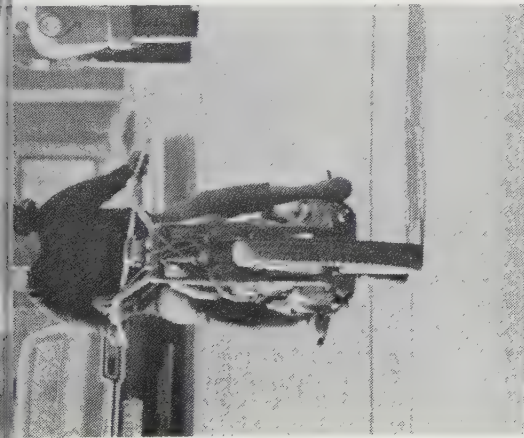




I go forth to move about the earth.  
 I go forth as the owl, wise and knowing.  
 I go forth as the eagle, powerful and bold.  
 I go forth as the dove, peaceful and gentle.  
 I go forth to move about the earth.  
 in wisdom, courage, and peace.

by A. M. L. L.





If I should say

"I love you,"

Would you turn to me

and say, "Go away."

Or, what would you say?

If I should say

"I don't love you,"

Would you turn to me

and say, "Do love me!"

Or walk away?

If I should decide

What to do,

Or if I cannot decide

What to say,

Could I turn to you?

by Gloria Castillo





## THE MOCCASINS OF AN OLD MAN

I hung you there, moccasins of worn buckskin.  
I hung you there and there you are still.  
I took you from the hot flesh of a swift buck.  
I took you to my woman.

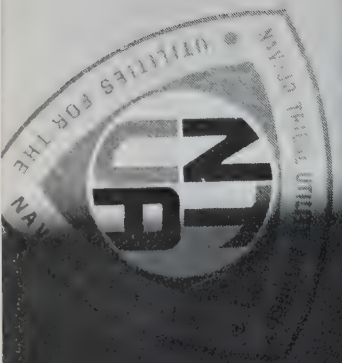
She tanned you with buck brains.  
She cut and sewed and beaded.

I wore you with pride.

I wore you with leaping steps over many grounds.

Now, I sit here and my bones  
Are stiff with many winters.  
You hang there and I shall sit.  
We shall watch the night approach.

by Ramona Carder











## GRANDFATHER

Grandfather sings, I dance.  
Grandfather speaks, I listen.  
Now I sing, who will dance?  
I speak, who will listen?

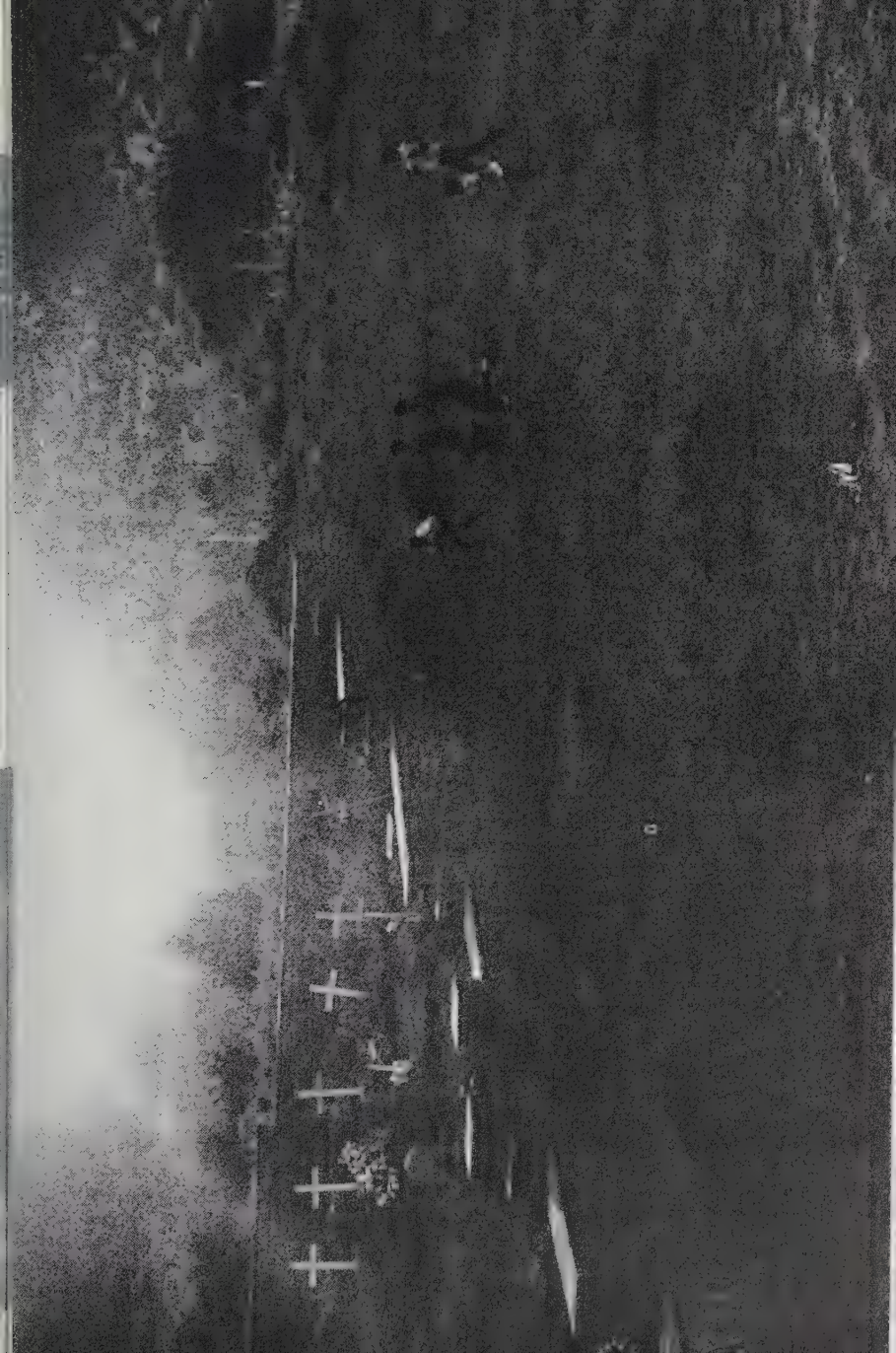
Grandfather hunts, I learn.  
Grandfather fishes, I clean.  
Now I hunt, who will learn?  
I fish, who will clean?

Grandfather dies, I weep.  
Grandfather buried, I am left alone.  
When I am dead, who will cry?  
When I am buried, who will be alone?

© 1968 by Shirley Crawford















### YEI-IE'S CHILD

I am the child of the Yei-ie.

Turquoise for my body, Silver for my soul,  
I was united with beauty all around me.

As turquoise and silver, I'm the jewel of  
brother tribes and worn with pride.

The wild of the animals are also my brothers.

The bear, the deer, and the birds are a part  
of me and I am a part of them.

As brothers, the clouds are our long, sleek hair.  
The winds are our pure breath.

As brothers, the rivers are our blood.

The mountains are our own selves.

As brothers, the universe is our home and in it

We walk with beauty in our minds,

With beauty in our steps, and

With beauty in our steps.

In beauty we were born.

In beauty we are living.

In beauty we will die.

In beauty we will be finished.

by Charles C. Long









## A WORD OF THANKS

United Scholarship Services, Inc., is a counseling, guidance, and scholarship aid organization to assist American Indian and Mexican American students.

We are most grateful to USS, Inc., for staff assistance and consultation over ten months in the preparation of this special issue of YOUTH magazine. We thank especially Miss Tillie Walker, Executive Director, Miss Pam Coe and Mrs. Robert L. Rosenthal.

Those interested in helping American Indian students in high school, college, and graduate study are urged to send contributions to:

**UNITED SCHOLARSHIP SERVICE, INC.**  
**300 East Speer Blvd.**  
**Denver, Colo. 80203**

Gifts from other young people and youth groups are particularly welcome. All gifts are tax-deductible.





## Oh Great Spirit,

Creator of all things, hear my voice  
for I am lost amid a new environment.

I have lost sight of your trail somewhere  
in this cultural transition and have become  
very hungry and thirsty. . . . I no longer see the  
great herds of buffalo that once provided me. . . . One hundred  
winters have come and gone with no trace of their footprints  
and my world has become very desolate. My vast hunting  
ground has dwindled to a very small reservation. . . . I do  
not possess the skill to compete in the complexity of today's  
business world, nor do I understand my white brother's vast  
government. . . . In the long and lonely search for your  
trail in the sands of time, I find myself a sojourner  
in a new and strange world. In the dawning of  
this new day, bless my Indian leaders with the virtues  
that they may develop our remaining resources  
for a better way of living; place in  
the hands of my youth knowledge and wisdom  
that they may also enjoy a new dimension  
of living. . . .

Prayer of an American Indian  
Philip Beaumont, Sr.  
(Crow)—1965